

Has been giving seances in Cincinnati, describing spirits and giving tests with remarkable accuracy. She is an excellent medium.

7

Communications from the Inner Life.

Haswell gives a strange charge concerning this.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL—No. 39.

BY FRANK S. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.
William the Conqueror.

My grandfather said: "I now introduce a spirit who left earth many centuries ago, who made his mark in the world, and filled a prominent place in history."

"I am King William, known as the Conqueror. I believe you are well versed in history, and familiar with all the prominent points in my life. I shall, therefore, treat chiefly of those incidents which reached not the public eye."

The manners and customs of the age in which I lived are so different from those of the present day that it is difficult to draw a comparison. We were a barbarous people, known by the name of Vikings, and almost all of religion, for what was received as such was mere superstition.

I began life as a soldier-battle, with the border nations. I thus earned my living, and was blessed with great wealth. I could master almost every one opposed to me. This gave me great popularity with the army, and when at the death of my father I was elected king of the nation. I found myself indeed a king of the nation.

I had great ambition. My own dominions did not satisfy me. I therefore cast my longing eyes upon England, and I desired to see all the island under my power. You know all about the invasion and how successful my efforts.

I should have been a kind and indulgent governor of the English, but I was not. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but I could not rest. I was continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor with my own people. They were devotedly attached to me, but they were no more.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF JESUS.

"Friend Alexander, I will not insult your intellect by attempting that you believe there is any truth in the vile and ridiculous account that Luke and I concocted, when we wrote the history of Jesus, concerning Mary, the virgin mother;—the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, setting as a proxy for the God of Heaven, in begotten a son who was to be equal to himself, and he existed through all time before he was begotten. I say, I will not insult your reason by supposing you to believe any part of these silly lies; but I will give you the true account of his youthful days, as far as I received it from Jesus himself."

A short time after I had passed into the Spirit World—being exiled from all society, in dreary exclusion, I received a visit from the Spirit of the much injured Jesus, whom I had caused to be sacrificed to the hatred of the Jewish Priests. I equalled before his benign and noble presence, feeling myself unworthy to meet his God. He gently rebuked me for many evils I had done him; saying that he was informed of all by Judas, whom I had sent to the Spirit World the same night that Jesus died. He told me that he forgave me for all my wickedness in regard to him, and then he spoke in sympathizing tones of my suffering condition. He said he could not mitigate my agonies, or he would; but he advised me to repent, aspire after righteousness, and strive to renew my nature for the better;—that my wretched exclusion would be terminated in course of time, and I then should be allowed to mingle with his brethren. He then spoke of many parts of his history—enlightening me on many points I knew not before.

As regards his early days, he said that 'Joseph the carpenter, and his wife Mary, moved into Nazareth when he was not many days old. Nobody knew from whence they had come, but they were honest, prudent, working people. He never heard his parents speak of any mysterious or miraculous event in connection with his birth; yet as he grew up he perceived that there was some mystery or doubt concerning him, which he could not understand. Some doubted that he was the son of Joseph and Mary;—some went so far as to say that Mary never had a child; for little Jose, as Jesus was called in his youth, had been nourished on goat's milk, and the breast of Mary had never suckled a child;—nor did she give any other indication of having become a mother. He then related the story of the Holy Ghost, as proof that Jose was not the son of Joseph and Mary. He bore no resemblance in person, disposition, or character to them. Whose son was he then? Nobody knew, if Joseph and Mary were not his parents. However, the child grew in strength, and great beauty of body. He did not make a measure of the ordinary mischievous freaks and follies of children; the characteristics of his disposition being mildness, general amiability, and susceptibility to all grave and pious impressions. He was sent to school at the ordinary age to the synagogue of the village, where, as soon as he had mastered the rudiments of the Hebrew language, he was taught with great avidity the subjects of morals, metaphysics and religion, as then taught in the schools. He seemed to possess great intellectual capacity and comprehension; for at the age of fifteen, he was pronounced the most intelligent youth, and greatest disputant in the synagogue of the village.

As he approached manhood, he became acquainted with a youth about his own age, whose name was John, who was the son of a Priest, being educated in one of the Priesthood. This youth was of a restless, erratic and visionary disposition; not content with the ordinary routine of the law, but for the sake of knowledge, directed to a series of changes, innovations and reforms, which he was continually suggesting and advocating with the greatest of energy and confidence in his illusions.

The two youths—though very different in disposition—became inseparable companions; for they found great pleasure in each other's society. Nothing was so common as to find them together, but they found an intense interest in contrasting their dissimilar ideas. They took long rambles together; sometimes being so interested in their discourses, that they did not know whether they were going, or where they were. Mount Tabor and its environs, and frequently the scenes of their disputes and rambles.

One day they were taking a ramble as usual, and they discussed upon certain moral subjects, which were extremely exciting. They had been walking for hours without heeding their course; at length, having made a pause, they discovered that they were completely lost. They looked round them, and saw nothing but a vast, unbroken plain, and they were completely lost. They looked round them, and saw nothing but a vast, unbroken plain, and they were completely lost. They looked round them, and saw nothing but a vast, unbroken plain, and they were completely lost.

Having greeted the old man and stated their case, he, with a pleasing smile upon his countenance, gave the desired information—telling them that their case was not an uncommon one; for he had once been a youth himself, and had frequently lost his way, and the sight of realities had been so dim, that he had become a part of his visions. He then invited them into his habitation, and set before them some food; telling them to rest and refresh themselves. He also invited them to tarry with him for the night;—as the day was far spent. The young men expressed their sense of his kindness, and gratefully accepted the hospitable invitation. The recluse then replenished his fire with sticks, and when the day was passed, they all three lounged around it, passing some hours in discourse.

The old man seemed to be possessed of a great intellect, and he had a deep knowledge of the law, or supernatural inspirations, they knew not, but most of his ideas were perfectly new to them—being of the most profound, philosophic nature, giving explanations and revelations of things, which to him had hitherto been as so mysterious. He spoke of the great mystery of Power prevailing all nature, under the name of God;—of the multitude and magnitude of created things;—of the different races of men;—of their past and present errors; of the gradual progress and capacity of the human mind, and the probability that in course of time, mankind would arrive at comparative perfection.

The two young men listened attentively to the old man's discourse; and never before having heard the like. Jose saw clearly, that the recluse had got his ideas through experience and deep reflection, while John concluded, that no man could speak as he had done, unless he was supernaturally inspired. He said to himself, "This man is in a prophet! I will question him concerning myself."

"My worthy host," said John to the old man, "I must confess that I have never heard a man speak more startling truths than you have done, and you certainly must possess the power of prevision and prophecy. I beg of you, if it be so, that you will try your powers upon me, and

tell me what will be my career and the end of life."

"Young man," answered the recluse, with a serious candor, "you are mistaken in your estimate of me. I candidly tell you, that I do not possess the powers you speak of; nor do I make any pretensions to such. All that I wish to be to be such, I consider to be visionary enthusiasts or vile impostors. I consider it impossible with any person on earth, or Spirit above, to see a thing that does not exist. Future events, we all know, do not exist, and as such, they consequently cannot be seen or foreseen. But I will tell you what I consider to be a man is capable of speaking of probabilities, according to the knowledge he may have of the thing in question. For instance; from the insight I have of you, I can state some things that may probably occur to you during your lifetime."

"What are they, then?" eagerly inquired John.

"They are to this effect," answered the recluse: "you will live a visionary life, meeting many disappointments and disgraces at what you will consider the perversity and wickedness of the world; because it does not prove to be such as you wish it or expect it to be. You will live an erratic and unsteady career, for your nature will find no pleasure in the general society of men. This disposition will be your motive in all your actions, your mind will become unbalanced, and your end will be soon and unpleasant."

"Indeed!" exclaimed John, as he reclined himself back, with an air of one disappointed and mortified. "Your estimation of my career is not very promising or flattering;—however, there is one comfort, you do not give them as facts, but as probabilities. I will, therefore, accept of your estimation," he said, and he pointed to Jose. "Can you not say something better of him?"

"With regard to your companion," said the recluse, as he gazed into the eyes of Jose, "there may be something said of him of a very different nature."

"If you can force anything that will add to my happiness, or of that of my fellow men, I pray you let me hear it," observed Jose.

"I perceive, my dear youth," responded the old man, as he continued his gaze upon Jose— "that the same time feeling of his hand, fingers and toes, he perceived that there was some mystery or doubt concerning him, which he could not understand. Some doubted that he was the son of Joseph and Mary;—some went so far as to say that Mary never had a child; for little Jose, as Jesus was called in his youth, had been nourished on goat's milk, and the breast of Mary had never suckled a child;—nor did she give any other indication of having become a mother."

Jose started, and a tremulous emotion passed through him, at this declaration of the recluse. "I mean," continued the latter, "that there is within you a mine of nervous power, which, when exercised upon your fellow men, will be capable of ameliorating many of their miseries, by producing the cures of their bodily diseases, by mitigating the severities of others; at the same time, by enabling you to communicate your own feelings to the minds of others, and to lead them from their errors and vices, to better conditions and understandings."

"Oh! blessed will be the day, if that shall prove true!" exclaimed Jose, as he sprang forward and seized the hand of the old man, who he pressed fervently to his bosom, in his joyful excitement. "Make me acquainted with its nature, and convince me of its truth; then I shall be one of the happiest of men."

"There is a principle or power that pervades all animated nature,—by some, termed life, by others, spirit," observed the old man. "This power is not inherent in all beings, especially in man. In some, it is weak, in others, it is very strong. Some men who possess this power in an extraordinary degree, are capable of acting upon their weaker fellows, producing good or evil effects, as their dispositions direct them to act. The nature of the effects produced are, however, but words, and the power is communicated by benevolent designs, much good can be produced to our fellow men, in curing certain diseases and influencing the mind in the right direction of virtue."

"Oh, most worthy Sir!" exclaimed Jose, "his teaching this enthusiasm and rapture;—make me acquainted with its nature, and convince me of its truth; then I shall be one of the happiest of men."

"The power, as I said, lies latent within you," replied the recluse. "It requires some other external power to arouse it; and when once aroused, it will act upon your fellow men, during your life. I have the happiness to possess that power to a certain extent, and I think, if you give your consent, I shall be enabled to call forth that which lies latent within you."

Jose gave his consent, when he and the recluse rose from their seats while John regarded them in speechless surprise as they remained in his place. The recluse then stepped to the corner against the wall of the hut, from whom he removed his garments, leaving his neck and breast bare; then placing his hand upon the top of his head, and taking his left hand in his right, he remained in this position for some minutes. Then he placed his right hand upon the back of his head, and his left upon his breast, remaining thus for some minutes. Then he placed both hands upon the sides of his head, and moved them down to the soles of his feet; this he repeated several times. Then he placed his hands upon his shoulders, and then slowly moved them down his arms to his fingers, which he repeated several times. At the commencement of this process, Jose felt a sudden icy chill pass through him, which was succeeded by a glow of heat, and a tingling sensation all over him externally. All his vital organs seemed to expand and acquire force; his physical and moral energy seemed to become greater.

"Now!" said the recluse, as he terminated the last mentioned actions, "let us see whether my anticipations are correct or not."

He then told Jose to stand in front of John, and to fix his eyes upon his own feet, and to let him in his mind what he should see, and then he gave directions to perform certain manipulations,—all of which Jose performed accordingly. The result was as the recluse anticipated. John regarded his companion with a incredulous smile, as though he doubted the power of the recluse; but soon his eyelids drooped, and the smile vanished from his lips;—his countenance became pale, and the relaxed state of his muscles gave evidence that he was no longer conscious of external things.

"He sleeps!" remarked the recluse.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jose, as he regarded the recluse with a look of astonishment, "the old man a degree of profound reverendness."

"This sleep," added the recluse, "is very different from the ordinary one of mortals. The mind and all the powers of life are totally absorbed from the corporeal senses, and his individual existence is a question to influences, save that of your own. In fact, his body is totally insensible, and his spirit is subject to your will in all respects—as I will convince you."

The recluse then took a small stick, with which he beat the sleeper over the shoulders and legs, without eliciting any signs of sensibility or movement. He then gave Jose directions how to exercise his endowment, and Jose then stood in front of the sleeper, and with the concentrated energies of his will, commanded the sleeper John arose and stood erect; then, without a further step, he followed Jose around the hut, passed out the door, and after a few minutes walked to and fro in front of the recluse, returning to the hut, he was restored to his former position by the side of the fire.

Then Jose, having received instruction from the recluse by certain counter manipulations, restored John to his former state of wakefulness and sensibility. As soon as he had recovered his consciousness, he looked around him with astonishment, and said, "What is this strange!—I really believe that I have slept."

"You have," responded the recluse.

"But did I sleep from my own nature—or from any power exercised over me by my companion?" inquired John.

"You slept," answered the recluse, "through the influence of a power possessed by your companion, which was existing in a latent state within him, and which I aroused to action. This power he has exercised over you,—causing your body to become insensible to touch, and your mind and life-powers to concentrate themselves, but to become subservient to his will."

When the recluse had given this explanation, Jose raised his eyes to Jose, in which was an expression of reverence and awe; then raising his hands and clasping them together, he exclaimed exultingly, "Glory to the Most High! His will is made manifest to me! My suspicions and anticipations are now become realities! The prophecies have not spoken in vain assumptions; they have been true!" He then rushed from the hut.

When John had left, the recluse observed "the conduct of your companion is very strange."

"It is to those who know not his nature as well as I do," replied Jose. "He is naturally a great enthusiast, which has impelled him to go to such lengths in his fanciful notions. From what he has just experienced, he is now a fanciful notion has just started in his mind, concerning me; but I will reason with him tomorrow, and check his further growth."

The recluse and Jose passed some time discussing upon the nature of the power newly discovered in the recluse. The particulars were given by the recluse, according to his experience of its application to the benefit of men; the kind of diseases that would come under its influence,—its mode of operation on the mind and body—and many other traits of its nature; to all of which Jose listened with intense interest.

As the night advanced, Jose advanced into the night, when as John did not return, they received themselves to repose.

About the break of day, John entered the hut, seeming to be much exhausted, as though he had passed the night in wrestling with intense emotions. The two companions then, Jose and John, took leave of him, and departed for their home.

As they went along, Jose imparted to John all that had taken place the previous evening, concerning the induced sleep of the latter, and some important information he had acquired besides; by which he endeavored to impress his own views upon Jose, and that the power he possessed was a natural one, and that it was not possessed by all men. John listened attentively, without responding a word; but towards the conclusion of Jose's explanation, he shook his head, and looked up to his friend with an expression that seemed to doubt what he had heard.

"I do, in one respect," replied John. Your explanations of this mysterious power may be all true, excepting, as I think your inference that it is natural to men; which I doubt."

"I have my ideas upon the subject," replied Jose; "but I do not wish to state them now. Let us cease to speak of it, and hasten home."

The two companions then continued their route in silence, each being absorbed in his own thoughts. As they came within a short distance of Nazareth, they entered a humble habitation, by the road-side, to see one of the neighboring families.

The people were poor, and the wife and mother were afflicted with severe neuralgic pains. As soon as Jose perceived the case of the poor woman, a thought struck him that this would be a good opportunity to test his mysterious power of disease; and he therefore resolved to make the attempt. He came near to him, he addressed her in a soothing strain touching her malady; and when he perceived that he had wrought her mind to a befitting tone, he manipulated her from head to foot, exerting the full energy of his will to scatter the disease, and gently touching with his fingers the most afflicted parts. In a few minutes, the woman declared herself relieved of her pains, and in a few minutes, she said she was cured. Unspeaking was the astonishment of the family, and great was their joy and gratitude. The eyes of Jose were lit up with great pleasure; while John stood with eyes fixed upon his companion.

"Come John, let us depart," said Jose, as he took the latter by the wrist and broke the spell that was upon him. They then passed into the road; but Jose, instead of walking by the side of Jose, followed a little in the rear.

"What is the matter, John?" inquired Jose of his companion.

"It is not becoming in me to place myself on an equality with you any longer," replied John, in a troubled voice. "Hitherto we have been familiar companions—bound to each other by the ties of friendship; but now a line of distinction must be drawn between us. Our companionship must give place to that of master and servant, and my friendship must be replaced by love, reverence and duty."

"By the Holy of Holies!" exclaimed Jose, as he regarded his companion with the greatest astonishment. "You are crazy, John!—whom do you take me to be?"

"The truth must no longer be withheld," replied John seriously;—"the Lord has made his will and ways manifest to me this day, and the words of the prophet are come true, when he said 'Behold my servant whom I uphold;—mine elect, in whom I am delighted;—I have put my spirit upon him.' Yes, Jose, you are the blessed one of whom the prophet has been speaking. That mysterious power you have of doing good, is supernatural, which is confirmatory of the truth, I can no longer doubt of your being Jesus."

Jose paused, as though he were afraid to utter the next word that would have completed his declaration. Then Jose seized him by the upper part of his tunic, and gazed intently into his eyes for a few moments, and then said "the what?"

"The Messiah!" responded John, humbly and reverently.

There was a pause in their discourse, as the two youths regarded each other for some time with great intensity. The expression of John's countenance being humility and reverence; while that of Jose, in the commencement, seemed to be astonishment and displeasure, at what he considered John's insatiable ambition. But as he continued his gaze, the perception broke upon him that John was no longer of sane mind;—then the sternness of his looks relaxed, assuming one of commiseration.

"John!" exclaimed Jose at length, as he released hold of the former,—"you certainly must be crazy, to entertain so preposterous a thought. The foolish books you make your studies are unbalanced your mind. I beg of you—it you wish to be my friend and companion for the future—that you will never mention to me or any one else, the like again."

John made no response; but with a sudden air of frenzy, he followed his friend as they returned to the village.

This event placed a restraint upon the friendly intercourse of the two young men; so that from that time, their intercourse was much restricted. John confined himself to his studies, and Jose attended to his father's business. Nothing was known among the neighbors why the two young men were not so friendly as usual;—but by some means, it became known that Jose possessed a wonderful power of curing and mitigating certain diseases, which soon spread through the village, and around the neighborhood. Jose was accordingly sought to exercise his power to the benefit of the afflicted. The result was, that many diseases were made sound, and many others were relieved; by which he gained many friends bound to him in gratitude. Some persons there were, who became jealous of his skill and popularity, and fearful of losing their own influence, thought proper to thwart him, and to misrepresent him; so that while some were giving him due praise, others were sarcastically hinting that he was a doubtful or bad character.

This state of circumstances surrounded Jose until he had arrived at the age of manhood, when an event happened, which very much changed the state of things. Jose's father, who had been a carpenter, and who had been prosperous in his business during his residence at Nazareth, was one main cause of which, was the industry and general good conduct of Jose, so that he had accumulated some wealth, which he had the good sense to divide between his wife and Jose.

Soon after the burial of his father, Jose converted all his means into money, and with the permission of his mother, he went with him into distant countries, to see the world, and gain knowledge. His arrangements were soon made; but before taking his departure, he had a friendly interview with his former companion John. They discussed long together. John was sorely distressed upon this occasion. He ventured to express once more to Jose, that he believed him to be the true Messiah as spoken of by the Prophets. He begged Jose to acknowledge himself to be such, and to let him declare it to the world; but Jose remained in doubt as to all his beseechings in that respect. At length they parted, and Jose, who had been understanding that after a number of years, when Jose should return from his travels, if they should accord in their general views, they would go forth together, and preach to the world *Reform and Repentance*.

Jose then set out upon his travels. He visited Egypt, Greece and Italy, and some other countries. After some years, when he was about thirty years of age, he returned to Judea; when at Jerusalem he met John, who soon after made their appearance in public, under conditions as will be explained hereafter.

"I have now, friend Alexander," resumed the Spirit, Saul, "given you the early history of Jesus of Nazareth, which was imparted to me by himself at the time he visited me in my exile from the happy Spiritual societies. I shall now, with the assistance of Judas, give you his later history;—a tragic narrative in which I and Judas were the principal actors. I shall not pretend to give you the incidents in just detail and connection, so as to form a unity of the whole; but will deliver them as they occur to my memory; nor shall I take up your time in description, more than is actually necessary. My intent will be to furnish you with all the material facts and reasons, but leave the rest to your own taste, skill, learning and prudence. I will make any addition, illustration or embellishment you may think necessary, to produce a united and comprehensive true history, such as will be of use of comprehension, and agreeable to the taste of your fellow men. When you shall have accomplished this task, you shall then issue to the world; calling upon all Christendom to read it, that they may no longer live in error and misconception of the truths therein stated. The Christian clergy, after reading my historical revelations, will no longer have a just excuse in maintaining a false system, and in teaching doctrines, which I, Saul, expose and denounce."

The task I have assigned to you is a laborious one for a man in your circumstances;—but be not discouraged. It is a debt of justice due to humanity that I owe, and shall be enabled to pay through your labors. You will confer great benefits upon your fellow men, and though you may not meet with a just reward in your mortal life, be assured that you will obtain it in the world of Spirits."

"Before I proceed to my task, I wish to ask a question," I said to my communicating Spirit. "What is to know?"

"I wish to know," I said, "what has become of the Spirit of Jose."

"After his kind visit to me," replied Saul, "in which he made me acquainted with many secret points of his history that was not known to any other Spirit or mortal, he took leave of me, and soon after, was translated to the highest sphere of beauty and bliss; since then, I have not seen or heard of him."

According to the desire and commands of the Spirits, Saul and Judas, I had about forty communications with them, in which they presented me a series of facts and incidents concerning the history of Jesus, during the latter part of his career on earth, and the parts they performed therein.

These communications were given to me by the Spirits taking possession of my mind, about one hour in every four and twenty; when, usurping all my mental powers and functions, they produced a series of visions similar to the beautiful and well connected dreams. Scenery, characters of personages, and dialogues, transpired in regular succession and order, like a performance upon a theatrical stage. I was the only spectator, though I had no other conception of myself, than that of a conscious perceptive essence, with the power of perceiving the scenery of feelings and unspoken thoughts of the visionary personages before me, the Medium.

The present age is pre-eminent in its revelations, and rich in its promises. It unfolds the beauties of the pure and undefiled Divinity in man, and whispers of the approaching joys which cluster like stars on the brow of the future. It is the age of the great awakening of humanity, when the beams of morning light dawn on the dull senses of the sleeping world.

The use of ultra-glycerine is prohibited by law in Sweden, the country where it was first employed. A scientific Swede, of a statistical turn of mind, has computed that the explosion of a quarter of a ton of this mild maledice would blow the entire territory out of existence.

The long talked of railroad between New Orleans and Mobile has been begun at the Mobile end. If we are rightly informed, it is to cross the outlet of Lake Pocheitral and follow a ridge which lies a little back from the southern and western shores of the lake, until it reaches the vicinity of New Orleans.

Angels of love and peace,
Tell me, is there no night,
Are there no weary feet,
And is it always light
 In your sweet home ?
Is there no aching heart,
No dreadful piercing pain ?
Must we from loved ones part,
And never meet again
 In your bright home ?
Are all your pathways peace ?
Oh ! come and tell me true,
Will all my sorrows cease,
And shall I live with you
 In your sweet home ?
Phipps, Pennsylvania.

Delivered Before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at their Hall, 11, Wood Street, on Friday Evening, Oct. 15, 1869.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Reported Expressly for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL
by Henry T. Child, M. D.]

Father of all, we invoke Thy presence and
 blessing here on our council this hour. We
 know that men have adored Thee in every age
 as God. The Hindoo has waited for Thee in
 life-long contemplation, of deep sleep, in the
 dark primeval forests,—in the sacred Banyan
 grove.
 The Egyptian has studied Thee in the wonder-
 ful wisdom of Thy creative laws.
 The Persian has adored Thee in the radiant
 sun, the first and last of the day,—in the
 crimson splendor of his sunset glory.
 The ancient Chaldean has mapped out Thy footprints
 on the shining skies; the Hebrew has heard Thy
 voice in Sinai's thunder, and in the still small
 voice of Thy prophets; the early Christian has ap-
 peared to Thee as his Father.

proclaimed Tree and all the children.
In all ages, in all climes, amongst all peoples
and at all times, the human heart has sought af-
ter Thee.
We know not how much nearer to Thee we
may have attained, but we remember the
words of Thy divine teacher of old, that Thou art
a spirit, and by the hands of Thy ministering
spirits we have sought to approach nearer Thee.
If we are right, stay us in the right; if wrong,
rebuke us with, and give Thy holy inspiration. We know
that Thou art God the spirit, and as such we do
invoke Thy presence and blessing on our coun-
cillors and our people.

No Spiritualist can afford to take a neutral position on any of the questions of the day. He believes that he has received a new revelation despite the taunt of the modern Athenian, "Give us something new." He stands in an attitude never before paralleled in the history of the world. He has received the doctrines of religion and the demonstrations of science combined. For him there is an universal appeal, and universal teachings. There is no longer a veil of mystery between his eyes and the issues of eternity. How does he stand related to the belief in a Supreme Being? Our question this morning involves an analysis of the demonstrations which he has received concerning the soul of the un-

I have already ventured to broach one of the means by which we realize something of the great Intelligent Being, a Being whose personality we never may know, but whose existence we must acknowledge and do homage to. I say we must, if we follow out the course which we have claimed for ourselves, which we have laid down for others, and prescribed for our rulers of faith. We will, therefore carefully analyze the evidence for and against the existence of Supreme Being.

suprature being
 "For you is the old story and one which has been fought on the battle ground" of human opinion in ancient times, but it must be fought again. Hitherto we have brandished our weapons in the air. We propose now to give a demonstration before any form of truth has to be received. We know that all the conditions of the Spirit are met and that in these great general aims and give us the assurance of immortality which may be received as facts precisely the same as though missionaries from this planet of earth could have been permitted to relate many of their specialities to the inhabitants of another world. These would necessarily be described in general terms, and the details of that life and all the details must be considered carefully under precisely the same aspect as we judge of human communications.

But we seek for a standard of appeal,—higher authority than the teachings of spirits in or out of the form. This we shall find in the great gospel of nature, the universal book of God's law, oftentimes consulted but never yet thoroughly interpreted. It must be read by the illuminating light of Spiritualism. Having the light, let us turn to the pages of nature without superstition or doubtful theories, but with a

solite conviction that all we can read in the scriptures that God has thus written we may accept. It is with this purpose that I commence my analysis.

I have said thus with the spirit to the churches—"I believe in God." Who and what is this God? How shall I approach him? what are my relations to him? These are the questions of the hour. The Spiritualist says "I believe in God," and he goes back to the darkest days of savageism and animism, and he tells us that he has found the tablets of the human heart, and that he is coming forward to the highest conditions of civilization, asks if we have outgrown this primal belief. All other theories, affirmations of belief except those which are written in the intuitions of the spirit, which are written in the intuitions of the soul, will fall of and sink into the night of oblivion, or disappear in the mists of error.—This one belief remains unchanged,—this fundamental question is ever the same in all the revolving changes of time. It remains as fixed and as immutable as the principles of Euclid, and as unchangeable as the symmetry of nature. Go back to the fundamental constitution of human nature, and we find it there. We know that the hand implies movement, manipulation; the eye predicts the nature of human sight, and the ear that of sound. Every organ of the body demands for its exercise some appropriate action, which it is employed to perform. We not reason upon these things. We do not ask how or for what purpose these special functions were incorporated in our constitution. We know that they are, and the fact that they are, is the proof, that they are integral parts of

man's being, and can never be approached from his nature, and precisely in the same integral nature stands the belief in the immortality of the soul and the belief in God. Socrates said he would not answer the questioner or attempt to prove the existence of a God.—“The question of spiritual existence,” said he, “is inwrought in the very constitution of things.” You might as well take away the corner stone of the universe and bid it move on in the grand harmonic order of eternal being with-

not the fundamental principles in itself. Therefore, I shall not reason upon the question whether or not I am compelled to believe in God, but I shall try to prove the fact of the soul's existence after death. It is truth *within me*, and I can no more explain this question than I can answer how I know anything, or what intelligence is. I represent myself as a man, a mortal, and shall not proceed to show you some demonstrations that surround this great principle, and some of the effects that grow out of its acknowledgement. In every age men have believed in the existence of a God, the Creator of the world, and the Father of all men, and the Father of all the worlds, and the Father of all the growths which belong to man's intellectual progress. . . . We may deal with these hereafter. Settling these abnormal growths apart, we claim that the only varieties in the universal belief are those manifestations in the form of the soul, which do not upon the surface of the world grow up, but

The character of this acknowledgement may be traced to human growth and states of civilization. Take, for example, the first acknowledged wordshippers, the historical man, the Hindoo. We find him in the midst of his wild mountains and deep valleys and gorges, and in the profound gloom of his ancient forests, under the burning sky, illumined with a brilliancy of which we have no con-

reption. We find him amid all these, listening to the voices in the storm and tempest, in the arduous and perilous journey, in the burning and burning fires which occur beneath the tropical skies—here he becomes metaphysical. He retires to the forest to gaze upon the wonders in nature. He borrows from the elements of the world around him, and speculates upon them. Life with him is too short to think upon all these things. Still, he attempts to systematize his aspirations into a creed, and he calls it Brahman, the great space, the void, whom he calls Brahman, to whom he ascribes the three attributes of Deity, so obviously manifested in the splendor of creation, whom he represents as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and in his hands, who is all powerful, able and around whom all creation clusters. Then, Vishnu, the preserver; he is the origin as savior of the world, and who rises again to the Spirit-World to gather fresh strength and return as the incarnation of truth and life, Shiva, the destroyer, who is surrounded by the elements of death peculiar to the Hindoo and Chaldean. This element is represented in nature by the earthquake, the storm and the burning fire, and all the elements which in nature represent the destroyer. These are all allegorically represented in nature, and these teach-

are intended to convey sublime truths and to show the wisdom of the worship of the wise Egyptians. The gods of active life were here presented—the god of the seasons, the strong and the powerful teacher, the friend and instructor of agriculture, the god who inspired the science, the art, and the wisdom of the Egyptians, was obviously taught by the attempts to search for out God and God's ways in nature. Sometimes he calls his god Jupiter, sometimes Memnon, who entered his palace in one sweet chord of music that wakes up the whole earth. They had Osiris, the wise, the strong, ever dying, ever born again. Here we have another exhibition of the sublime truths under a different form, especially suitable to the Orient.

great and wonderful, something abstract from man, something too wonderful for man's comprehension. We have a repetition of these mystical ideas in the words of Ormuzd as he speaks to that inspired man, Zoroaster. He shows us the correspondences of the mysterious principles in nature, how the life-principle corresponds to fire, the light-principle to sun and moon, the spiritual search for fresh revelations, corresponds to the principle of light. He speaks of Ormuzd the unknown, Ormuzd the great god that fills space with his power, who works in the world of men and of dust as the grand shining bodies that are strewn with fire the heaven above his head. These we behold him in all the varied forms of mystery, brought by the angels of the spirit-world, to the mortal eyes of Zoroaster.

—E. S. —

culturally fits our ideas, all of which, like the Greek and Roman deities, merely combined one or several attributes of Deity. The philosopher's Greek, with its soft and delicious climate, perceived and manifested in the upper air, as Juno; manifested in the storm, as Minerva; manifested in the darkness of the poisoned breath of the wind, as Apollo; in the dark mystery of the grave, as Pluto; in every form of nature, as the gods of the Greeks.

The Hebrew recognized him better through the sublime and wonderful—the storm, the trumpet, the lightning, the earthquake, the earthquake, through inspired men, such as Moses and the prophets. And here let me pause to show you how the Hebrews, with their simple and unadorned attention becomes so especially manifest in the Hebrew faith. To the utterances of the inspired voice, which were clear and true, they were moved by the Holy Spirit, and which have been handed down to us, we have the strong utterance of the voice of immortality, and looking to the awful lamentations of Jeremiah, such proclaiming the voice of immortality, and looking to the ship of stones and injustice, to the one God, founding them continually that He is worshiped by him.

Again, I want you to pause on another correlation through Jesus of Nazareth. Oh! how they have mistaken this man! how they have darkened our vision! how they have perverted the meaning of the purposes of the Infinite in the worship of the god-man! Do you not perceive that up to the time of the Christian dispensation, the race of men had been brought to the verge of spiritual death, as exhibited in His effects in matter? As a spiritual god, the Hebrew prophets gave some glimpse of the true nature of God, but they could not reveal the fullness of the nature of God as a spirit. Christ came teaching a spiritual religion, perpetually attempting to prove to man, the union of the spiritual and the material, and to clearly demonstrate the relations which man holds to God. He showed God as a spirit, and that portions of Him entered in the material form.

It is mission, and it demonstrates the spirituality of life, the spiritual nature of God, and the spiritual destiny of man. For this purpose the spiritual was poured out upon him without measure. A pure and sinless man, he walked among men as a pure and sinless man, and worked spiritual deeds and signs, possible only to him who had more than mortal power, and who grasped the hands of spirits. The mission of Christ was to teach man the immortal destiny of the spiritual nature, and the alliance of man with God. They have mistaken the divine incarnation represented by him, an in-

Incarnation which is in every one of you which was only represented by him as the elder brother. They have mistaken this pure and sinless teacher, and have set him up to worship in place of the Great Spirit. It is for this reason that I have come to you as the Spirit, the coming of this great modern Messiah, Spiritualism, which is to correct this mistake, and restore us once more to the position which our brother in Nazareth desired to place us, in which we may realize that all men are divine spirits, all and each of us God Incarnate in matter, and therefore children of God, sons of God, even as he was one with the Father, so we, too, are one with him. I pause upon this, the foregoing revelation of the Father, to give you the thorough revelation of the Son of God, Spirit, this being in our Father, the Great

God Spirit, this belief in our Father, the Great Spirit, and how age after age have been vouchsafed to the human race, and how the human race in all conditions of life and civilization were able to receive the progressive evidences thereof. I do not intend to trace up the history of Christendom. It is sufficient to point to the fact that the most civilized nations of the earth bend before the pure teachings of Jesus, and consult these as the one model religion of the ages, nearer to truth and to the necessities of man than any other. I can not repeat the traditional fantastic forms of worship that demand human sacrifice, in the most repulsive and loathsome expressions of the nature of the Deific power, we find the same recognition of an invisible Supreme Being. How are we to dispose of this

Testimony of the ages?
Take another form, and ask whether the dearest affections of human life have not been imperatively demanded and laid as a sacrifice upon the altar of religion?
Why and for what has man poured out his blood and given his best efforts, his highest genius, his masterly productions, for the expression of his religious worship?

Go back to those old countries, overrun with the experiences of humanity, and observe that the grandest monuments of the past have been swept away. The dwellings of men have all perished throughout the entire East. The footprints of humanity are only known through its temples of worship, all those mighty temples, those gigantic fountains, all those stupendous edifices, those colossal structures, which now overlay the ruined East, are remains of religious evidences, evidences of the vast powers of mind and body which were devoted to the service of God. The greatest of the human creations of art are only to be placed in the magnificent temples of worship. The adornments of the places of amusement were far inferior to these. The religious edifices were the centers of development in the religious belief of the people. Even those religious dynasties which were perpetually developed along the seaboard of the Mother country, where the East was pouring waves of the sea, and where the East was entering upon the villages, the ancient church and the solemn cathedral still remain, the mighty tower and magnificent

yet ruins are still sustained in the midst of decay
and the angels of the presence are still
with lifted fingers pointing to the sky, and each
one repeating its solemn record, God! God!
dedicated to the unknown God! Wherever we
are in Europe, overlaid with the physical realm, we
are in the presence of the spiritual realm, and
worship—this acknowledgment of God, evidences
everywhere that man has never ceased to worship.
Do you propose to sweep God's name out of exist-
ence? You would sweep away the spiritual realm
with iconoclastic hammer in hand you may break
the mighty image, wild you draw down God and
trample him in the dust to nothingness? You must
strike the great God in the face, and then you
will build the altar into one mighty image, and
strike that out of existence; but you can not reach
this—this head will pierce the heavens, and there it
will worship and adore God. Have we never a re-
velation of the spiritual realm? Have we not
faith by the hand and bring it up before a revela-
tion and loving and strictly human tribuna? On
Spiritalism, I ask you, have you been entrusted
with the power to reveal the spiritual realm? You
are limited to stop the voices of the warring sects? It
is for you to give the answer to the hungry and

blistering sun who walk abroad beneath the shadow of the churches from which the Spirit hath departed, who are seeking to hear the dear name of Jesus, of him as the Redeemer of the world, the market place, and people of the publicans and sinners, and prayed for his enemies as he yielded up his spirit into the hands of the All-Father. Is it not the power of the Spirit, the power from the Father, which is the power of error and lead him up to knowledge of the true God. I think it is given to us to do this, and I will recall to your minds one of these demonstrations of the power of the Spirit. I think there is a soul in the universe. It is a fact that there is a soul within ourselves—that all that we are, all that we can do is soul work, soul power, soul energy. The power of the Spirit, the power we work upon, comes from the experience of our souls. Should we perish from the earth by the hand of death, should there be records to tell of our deeds, all that we have done, these very works alone will reveal our possibilities,—will point out where the artist worked, how the sculptor carved, and the power of man, measure them out accurately to any mind that shall follow in our

Claiming that there is a gospel from the spirits—another "it" needs but that we will show why it is eternal and life-life, and thereby stand, these representatives of our teachers, their bright faces floating around us—these "therapeutic operators" who weave all our sorrows and our joys into a life-act, and who bring us to the most conclusive evidence that they are immortal in the invisible world, the world of forces, the strongest and most enduring, the world of mind, of spirit in which there is no death. We know there is no possibility of annihilation in any of the departments of creation. We know, therefore, that the same must apply to the world of mind, and we repeat it, and find the presence of an immortal spirit within our very life. It is the immortal spirit, the immortal soul, the immortal mind. Were it not written in the nature of man were it not that we can trace it in the constitution of humanity day and, from the beginning of time upon this planet up to the present hour, man has a loved, wise, skilful, if I will claim alliance with God the Spirit, as this ex-embodiment of spirit life alone will prove it to be victorious. We have the demonstration now within our grasp, the question all death and is light up the beautiful temple with concord and peace, where all was inharmonious and discord. We have brought this life before the world, and are still seeking to lead the means to offer them the demonstration of these questions, we find the spirits are ever ready to aid us. We stand before ourselves, revealed to ourselves, in a new glory of immortality. We find that

We glorify in this first creation of God, & standard. The Spirituallist says to the Churches, "He is not now Brah-
ma, Buddha, Jehovah, Jao, God or Lord, but He is God-
man and man God, the Father whose attributes are love
with wisdom & power. We seek his love in all conditions
We know it when He shines upon us in the brightness of
the day. We feel it in the darkness of the night. We see
Him smile upon us in these Vessoms. We know it when
friends smile upon us and our hearts are glad. We know
it when the sweet summer winds fan our brows and
stir our spirits, to sing with them the anthem of universal
rejoicing. We know it in our household groups, in our
social and life when grace is in, speaks, love and joy

In the spontaneous hymns of praise and cry aloud to all creatures to praise Him, and now aware beginning to know our own weakness and frailty, we begin to feel His love and fulfill us. We know it when we begin to trace cause and effect and even when our eyes are dazzled out by the cold marble of the tomb, and whilst we are groping blindly upon the earth. We know it because the revelation of the loved ones came back to us. We know that hunger calls out the energies of the body; that sorrow, pain and agony develop its powers; that poverty adds inveterate cunning; that birth genius and talents and ability; we know it as we only do from the succession of human events, but not how we read back over the open page of wisdom and grace like the blossoms of the lily, talents, energy and joyous life that come from God's hand and are made manifest to all eyes. But we follow away into the spirit country, and there, amidst the holy angels, the great apostles, and the saints, stand the imbeciles, the idiot imbecilities, that

Him remote in time, we read on earth one's fate, the tremendous
 cause, "Consequence." We read in each one's face, "Cause,"
 "Compensation," "Redemption." We trace the silver chain
 of cause and effect. We see the crown of martyrdom on
 earth's saviors offered the humblest and most obscure
 of men. We see the crown of martyrdom on earth's saviors
 wrought. We are that there is a God of love in all this,
 and we cry, "Though He slay me, I will praise Him," and
 the spirits echo it. The spirits praise His goodness, and
 who shall question it? When we know that this lifeless
 soul, so small that we can scarcely see it, is fed by His
 love, and that it is the life of the universe, and that it is
 provided for it. Little mouths are all through the structure
 of this lifeless, fashioned by a wise Providence, and He
 shall gather up every atom of this wonderful dust, and it
 is a part of the marvellous scheme of His glorious economy,
 that there shall come a time to give life, beauty in some
 way to all these. We are the life of the universe, and
 alike in the rain-drop and in the rushing wind, and in the
 universes of stellar worlds, or yet in the power by which
 He penetrates through millions of miles of tubes in our
 bodies. We need not pause now upon His attributes,
 His power, His wisdom, His love, His goodness, when we
 behold such beauty and order every where.

But now, when we see our loved ones sink into the grave, and such mysterious powers of mind all suddenly arrested, we know that the darkness of the tomb does not shut us out forever from the world of caves. We look down into the shining: avenues of eternity, and we see the unbroken chain of life reaching away, away through the Spirit World. Then, I repeat it, we have the demonstration there of His wisdom. His power and His love. Now, how can we be so stupid as to doubt His wisdom? How can we be so foolish as to doubt His power? How can we be so ungrateful as to doubt His love? In what form shall we worship Him? How shall we give pleasure to Him? He has given us a work to do. We see around us the ignorant; we see the weak and fallen. Why has He not taught them? Why has not His All-Fatherly hand sustained them? Because He is carving angles out of some of us by giving us that work to do, and as we do that work, we teach them not to do others. These are the successions of Fatherly providence that He has placed in our way, and He is waiting for us to do His will. We must honor Him. Praise His name if you will, call Him God, petition long for prayers and supplications, but unless we honor Him, His wisdom is mightier than ours, and are willing to do these things, our supplications are a mockery. World

instruct Him in wisdom? Would we charge His purpose by prayer? If we could, we bestride Him. Thus we see in all the ancient and modern life, some sort of struggle.

in the various deeds of life, some act of worship.

At our great new cities, when our hearts are borne down by sickness and adversity, and we feel that we cannot stand alone, we cry out to help us, and all shall stand with us to Him that lives. Our cry shall be, "I feel that I am weak; my heart is broken; I will never sigh, and the hour has come when there is no one to help me. Then it is that we put out our supplications to our Father in heaven, to give us strength to carry us over the floods of anguish that are swelling up in these broken hearts. Then it is that we open the doors and the angels come in; then it is that the temple of God is erected within us, and He fills the sanctuary. Such forms of worship are very good. We do not know of any other, excepting only the praying on our knees from which, after all, we do not think that we are strong enough to live without it. We are sympathic, and I am sure we can grow better as we gather with one another at the pentecost fast, though it be an oft-told tale, it will give strength and we shall obtain daily bread for our souls in these Sabbath day gatherings. There is work enough, putting up on the border of the work. It is not only that we pass out our burdens, but that we take up the spiritual bread. These external forms of worship only fail when the heart is weary, and the heart is weary when the heart is not the spiritual life. They go by fall when the voice and the renewed, lighted candles and external homage take the place of the spiritual worship. I ask not where we shall worship. I care not whether it be in a temple built by man's hands or beneath the ancient forest trees in the depths of solitude—where two or three are gathered to go there in His name, there is He in the midst of them, strengthening them for every act. But the loss of all worship is to do the work that our working God does. We are to do the work of God, to work. *T. p.* perform whatever the ability gives us to do, to render service to Him out of holiest motives to God.

“Sunday, the day Sunday: we meet our spirits, and spiritual things are spread out before us—its revelations, its every other day, and we worship at its foot. It is the acts that shall bring us nearer and nearer to God.
Oh! spiritual friends! let us not sleep, hands and initiate this religion. Let others do as it may act out your best and highest thoughts. Go forth and proclaim these truths to mankind, and many as will take hold of it, and live it in their lives, will become as saviors of the world, carrying out the beautiful promise made by Christ the Lord: “The work that I do, and ye also shall do.” Then shall we prove the soul of the universe and the souls within us to be portions of the same Soul that is in all-souls-er. I see before me an eagle hand standing an angelic eye, with the power of the angels; they gaze upon the earth, they come to guide your steps, they come to lead you. They are the strength in your fainting hearts. They will pass with you, and you, fainting hearts, may they make their progress known. May they prove instruments to guide you into that higher life where you like them shall grow nearer, nearer to God.”

Wonderful Cures Performed by Spirit-Power.

LETTER FROM C. H. MATHEWS.

"DEAR SIR:—We have a new and successful leader in the field, by the name of Solomon W. Jewett, in this city of New Philadelphia, Ohio. Among the cases cured here, I will mention one of recent occurrence: A boy of thirteen years of age was brought to him with a 'wry neck' (Torticollis), his head fastened down to his right shoulder by a contraction of the cord and muscles. The professor immediately had his hands upon the boy, saying, 'We heal this child in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen!' The attention of his mother, Mrs. Ann Lehn, was instantly called to the raising of his head. With upraised hands, and throats of inexpressible joy flowing down her cheeks, she then and there saw her dear boy, for the first time, move his head from right to left, since he was an infant. This is not a solitary case of note. You may have seen the account of 'Raising the Dead,' published in the New York *Sun* of the 15th of April last, where the will of the professor, with the aid of spirit power, was more forcibly demonstrated in the case of John Cronk, at No. 70 Ludlow street, New York city. This statement is about equal to any miraculous cure we find on record. Here, it seems, the professor entered the house of death and found among other attendants, five graduated physicians present, who pronounced the man dead. He immediately requested them to leave the room, saying if they would obey, the man should be immediately restored to life. It was with urgent solicitation on his part that all were persuaded to leave him alone with the subject, who had shown no visible signs of life for half an hour.

We have seen the above statement over the signatures of fourteen persons who testify to the above; and further, that the man was restored and dressed himself and wrote a letter within thirty minutes after. The professor says he saw this man, Cronham, pursuing his daily occupation one month after, at his own house. I think the public should know these things, and hope you will publish the foregoing in your valuable Journal.

Yours truly,
C. H. MATHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio, Nov. 21, 1869.

HUMAN CULTURE.
Prof. J. M. Barnes will lecture in Will Co., Ill., during December, on "Human Culture." His address is New Lexov, Ill.

7

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE 180 SOUTH CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 11, 1899.

For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospectus on right page.

Those sending money to this office for the Journal, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

If any person receiving this paper after the time for which it is prepaid, desires to have it discontinued, he or she should inform us of that fact by letter, without delay and if any one continues to take the paper after his or her time of prepaid subscription has expired, payment will be required at regular rates, until all arrears are paid.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 180 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Pen is mightier than the sword."

INDIVIDUALITY.

The Boulder—The Icicle—The Palace.

We are all parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul.

Grand truth! A thought from the Central Source of all thought, bearing upon it the impress of Divinity! Man is regarded as the noblest work of God. The mechanism of that star-like dome, the wondrous regularity in the movements of those brilliant orbs that deck the fair surface of the sky, those grand laws embraced in the formation of worlds and systems of worlds, and the grandeur of those scenes in the Summer-Land, seem to sink into insignificance before the majesty of man. His physical organization, how wonderful in its make-up! Then his mind, how towering! how noble! In our contemplation of the nature of man, the Universe of God and the wonderful machinery thereof seems like naught; for it is to the mind alone, that intelligent principle that is incorporated within each one of us, that plans the construction of planets and stars, that assigns them a place in the regions of space, and sets in operation those laws that are made automatic in action, and which move on throughout the endless ages of eternity, unless interfered with by that superior intelligence that brought them into existence. Thus, it is plain to be seen that man stands at the head of all created things. And why should he not? It was not our intention, however, in this article to discuss those intricate relations that exist between man and the Universe of God—we simply desired in our preliminary remarks to express our opinion that man stands at the head of all created things, and yet

"He is only a part of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul."

As such, one man bears an intimate relationship with all the rest of humanity. In fact, no truer expression was ever made than this: "God our Father, Nature our Mother, all humanity our brothers!" Notwithstanding this, we find a disposition among all classes to become intensely individualized. "I will do as I choose," says one, "I propose to maintain my individuality, and will do just as I please in all respects, regardless of others. I will live isolated from the rest of the world, if I desire to—live for myself alone, not caring for the joys or sorrows of others, for I am an individualized entity, and I wish to assert the prerogatives of the same." Thus we find Spiritualists, particularly, becoming intensely individualized, in many places sectarianized, much to their own injury as well as the rest of humanity. We will teach a lesson from Nature.

Look at the huge Boulder on the top of yonder cloud-capped mountain. For ages it has remained there, a proud monarch, defying winds and storms, and while it listened to the thunderbolts sent through the firmament, or saw the vivid flash of lightning or witnessed the fairy movements of the clouds beneath or heard the pattering of the little rain drops on the fields below, it thought to itself, "How noble and exalted my position!" No clouds obscure its gaze into the starry firmament—there it stands on its peerless heights, proudly defying the elements, and maintaining its individuality. Soon the soil beneath it, tired of its heavy weight, resolves to leave. So particle after particle slipped out from beneath it, and slid down the mountain's side, or was wafted away on some genial gale. By and by we noticed a tremulous motion in that huge Boulder. It moves! Watch it carefully, for it is determined, apparently, to change its programme of action. Look, it trembles—it starts! Behold it, that individualized entity moving down that mountain side. The oak towering skyward, the majestic pine and the thick underbrush, yield to it like the tiny form of an infant before a giant stroke. What a crash! The giants of the forest fell before it, and moving with fearful rapidity, carrying destruction in its pathway, it finally stopped in its weird career, in a quiet hamlet at the base of the mountain. As it glanced back on its pathway, saw the devastation and ruin, it exulted over its course and its individualized strength. The scenes around it were new. It now beheld the works of man, and saw busy life on all sides, yet, it still proudly and defiantly maintains its individuality. Ages pass away, and still it retains the same condition, doing no good, for it can not, it is so intensely individualized. By and by, we pass by that proud Boulder, and notice a change. Its rugged sides seemed lit up with a happy genial smile, and its rude heart appeared to beat with warm emotions, for it had resolved to change its programme of action. There was rejoicing then in all nature. The dark clouds moved with more gallant strides; the winds seemed to sing a sweeter anthem; the air appeared to move in joyous glee, while the tiny seed and tender plants apprehended a great change. It was a gala day in all nature, for that huge Boulder had changed its programme of action—had resolved to lose its individuality. It conse-

quently invited all the elements to act upon it, when lo! it commenced to crumble to pieces; commenced disintegrating, and by and by it became fine, rich soil. There was rejoicing then, for in losing its individuality, its destiny became transcendently grand. It now glimmers in the flowers, sparkles in the golden grain, or moves around in the physical organization of man. Glorious old Boulder! once standing on the mountain side, now on a mission of mercy to all the world, doing good wherever it can!

Look at that Icicle, pendant on yonder roof—cold cheerless, isolated, forsaken, it remains there year after year. It is intensely individualized, too, and refuses to act in accordance with the dictates of justice. "I will not stir," it says, "my individuality must be maintained, and here, pendant, I propose to remain." How cold and dismal it looks. It freezes the warm genial nature to look at it, and sends a cold shudder throughout the sensitive organism. What good can it accomplish there, so intensely individualized? Nothing. We find, however, that it, too, resolves to change its programme of action. "It had heard from the Boulder, and desired to see if glorious mission could not be opened before it as well. We noticed a desire for a change. It seemed more cheerful and transparent, as if a divine mission had commenced to send its beautiful rays into its soul. Finally it invited the sunshine to come and kiss it; entreated the zephyrs to move and throw around it their soft, affectionate arms; prays for the air to breathe upon it a holy genial influence, when lo! another wonderful change! The Icicle fades away like a pleasant dream; it dances heavenward to the clouds on a ray of light, and then as it gazes on the grandeur of the arched heavens, listens to the moaning of the thunders, and holds converse with the electric elements, it moves around in joyous glee; and, as it travels along on the ethereal currents of the higher spheres, we hear it exclaim, "By losing my individuality, I gained it!" But its mission was not to remain in that dark portentous cloud. It descends to the earth in the form of dew drops, and lights on the bosom of some fragile flower, for a night's repose, dreaming of the grandeur just disclosed to its view. In the morning, as the golden sun rises, it dances heavenward again to the murky cloud, and, joining the pattering rain-drops it falls into the cup of a weedy traveler and slakes his thirst. But its brilliant career does not end there. It joins that moving current in the system, the blood, and passing into the veins, it finally, in its career, reaches the lungs, when it is made as red as a cherry, and is freighted with vitality for various parts of the system. What a glorious mission for that Icicle—grand indeed! In its individualized, isolated condition, it was of no benefit to itself or humanity, but now, in endless cycles, it will move on, dispensing its errands of mercy and rejoicing in the losing its individuality, a glorious career opened before it.

A Palatial Residence stands before us. It, too, is intensely individualized. For ages it has stood there, refusing to open its heart to the cries of suffering humanity. How grand and beautiful in its outward appearance, yet there is an expression of extreme sadness that seems to permeate every part of it. The doors had refused to turn on their hinges; the huge bolts had obstinately resisted all attempts to move them; the curtains within had pushed back the light and the glorious sunshine, and told the zephyrs not to come near with their offensive breath; the little dew drops dare not visit the flowers beneath its windows; the pattering rain was never heard on its roof; the wind avoided it as it would a festering cancer; the stars blushed and held back their feeble rays, fearing they might touch this individualized monster. Year after year this palace remains unoccupied, for it is so intensely individualized that no one can approach it. It is no benefit to itself or humanity. By and by, it, too, changes its programme of action. Its exterior seems brighter, the flowers under the windows and the clambering vines near its side seem to glisten with additional lustre. By and by the curtains move back and the glorious sunshine enters therein! The huge bolts move, the hinges creak, and the doors open, and then there was great rejoicing. There is pleasure manifested in all nature at its conversion. But that was not all. The weary traveler enters its doors and is protected by it from the ravages of a fearful storm. Grand is its mission now. Its walls resound with the joyous, happy voices of those made glad by its change of programme!

Dear reader, we wish to impress you with a grand lesson now. Remember that you are only a speck in existence, but as such you are interlinked with all humanity in such a manner that you must not become too intensely individualized and isolated from the world. Remember that as a Spiritualist, you should contribute to assist the unfortunate, to cheer the down-trodden and lift those up-below you. By remaining away from lectures even, you strike a blow at our beautiful Harmonical Philosophy, and when you, like the miser, close your purse strings to the wants of lecturers and suffering humanity, you become like that Icicle, so intensely individualized that you are useless. When you refuse to attend lectures, to assist the unfortunate and contribute to their support, like that Palace, the doors of your heart refuse to move, and the windows thereof will not admit the divine rays of benevolence; and in maintaining your individuality, you will lose it—sink to the lower spheres.

That man maintains his individuality when he visits the house of the destitute, cheers by his presence the unfortunate, contributes his means for the promulgation of truth, and who is willing to march patiently along in the grand procession from the cradle to the grave, trying to assist others, that were he placed in their condition or circumstances, he would expect some one to lend him a helping hand. The poet has truthfully said:

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall be the world's famine food;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed."

The Book of Life will contain your life. Try and have it brilliant with deeds of charity and heroic devotion to the right, ever remembering that your individuality can be rendered noble only by going forth like the Icicle and joining that grand procession which is moving on from the cradle to the grave, and as the Icicle joined the murky cloud, imparted its sweetness to the dew drop, cooled the bosom of the sweet flower, slaked the thirst of the weary traveler—so do you go forth and impart to those less fortunate than yourself, that which you can spare, bearing in mind that all your acts are recorded, for even the ground is all memoranda and signatures, bearing evidence of your truthfulness to your own higher nature.

Would that we could impress humanity with those "Better Views of Living," and show them that beautiful chain that connects all humanity in one common brotherhood, and convince them that when one link is weak, another moderately strong, another inflexible, resolute and unyielding, that each is none the less a part of that mighty chain that unites together the throbbing heart of humanity, and that each one is acting its part, none the less, and none the less important, whatever its condition may be and whatever its position on the scale of existence.

ALCINDA WILHELM SLADE.

A multitude of our readers were started at the obituary notice in our last week's issue, concerning the decease of our well beloved Sister, Alcinde Wilhelm Slade.

We were indebted to Bro. Robinson, of Galesburg, Ill., at whose house she was stopping at the time of her decease, for the intelligence of her sudden demise, and at that date, only had time to make the usual obituary notice.

Another worker in the spiritual vineyard has passed on to that higher life, the beauties and realities of which she has so often portrayed to eager listeners, who have been alike moved by her eloquence and convinced by her logic. For several months her health had been somewhat impaired, but an indomitable will, aided by an intense devotion to the cause of truth, kept her in the lecture hall until about a week before her death—the immediate cause of which was hemorrhage of the bowels.

It may be literally said of her, "She died with the harness on and the glory of her work around her." She was at the American House, (Galesburg, Illinois). Though far removed from home and kindred, with the exception of her beloved husband, Bro. Henry Slade, who was with her through her illness, she received every care and attention from kind physicians and sympathizing friends of her faith. The funeral oration was delivered by Bro. A. B. Whiting, the well known trance medium, at the Unitarian Church in Kalamazoo, her residence. In accordance with her desire, her remains were taken to Albion, Mich., and interred by the side of the father, sister, and former wife of Dr. Slade. Her bereaved husband, sister and other near kindred, have the heart-felt sympathies of the vast multitude of those who have known and admired her for her great ability as a public speaker, and sterling worth as a true hearted, noble woman in all the realities of life.

We are indebted to Leo. Waiter for the particulars in regard to the funeral and burial of Sister Slade.

Many of our readers have had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent lectures of our dear departed sister during the last ten years that she has been before the public, and I may be permitted to say that no one has ever given more general satisfaction. Her inspiration has not been confined to the Spiritual Philosophy, except in general terms; as occasion required, so she was inspired to speak. During the years of our national struggle, she was traveling from State to State, speaking to the assembled multitudes of all phases of religious faith, cheering the brave and despondent to noble deeds in defence of the imperiled republic, as well as to acts of benevolence and charity in procuring necessities for the sick and destitute soldiers and their needy families.

When Alcinde Wilhelm presented herself before promiscuous audiences in those terrible days of our country's trials, all murmurs at other times so common in such audiences against Spiritualism, was hushed to silence! The brave noble woman received applause and unfeigned respect from all. Her name will not only live in the memory of Spiritualists, but with lively recollection of hundreds and thousands of men and women—patriots of all phases of religious faith throughout the length and breadth of our country.

To live such a life and pass to the higher sphere thus believed, is a boon greatly to be desired.

Such has been the good fortune of one, who, in her early public career, faced adversity and overcome it, in part, by her own intrinsic powers of endurance, but more especially by her fidelity to the Angel World—a band of guardian spirits, who inspired her in life and awaited and received her to the spirit home in the Summer Land the moment of her transition.

"LIFE, MOTION MATTER."

Z. Houghton, of Jamestown, Wis., writes as follows in reference to the JOURNAL:

"Your articles on Life, Motion, Mind and Matter, were to me worth four times the cost of the JOURNAL for one year."

We are gratified to know that our efforts are duly appreciated by our readers. Those articles foreshadowed grand truths, which will follow when the proper time arrives. Henry Ward Beecher takes the same position assumed by us in regard to "Mind Diffused," but foolishly ascribes to the effects thereof the name of Holy Ghost. We shall allude to that sermon in due time.

The Career of the God Idea in History.

Having just finished the perusal of the recent work of Hudson Tuttle, under the above suggestive title, we are impelled to offer a word of comment. While scores and hundreds of volumes are written which are but a waste of the materials used, and whose highest claim to notice is the neatness of their mechanical execution, it is indeed refreshing to find one which the good sense of the age demands, and which treats of subjects of a religious character, without the usual partiality, prejudice and cant. The author has presented in this volume, the central idea of all historic religions, and of all sacred books, showing most clearly, that, from the first crude conceptions of Deity, growing out of the mere contact of savage man with the forces of nature, to the highest metaphysical speculations, the God Idea has kept pace with the culture and civilization of the race.

The universality of the God Idea is disproved by the testimony of missionaries and travelers among races who have no forms of worship, and whose languages have no words representing God; also, the popular belief in the pure monotheism of the Jewish people, is ably convinced by the declarations of their own most prominent and authentic writers. The conflicting representations of God, the Trinitarian myth, and the deific devil of the Bible, form an interesting chapter. In his conclusion the author has shown the false reasoning upon the cherished doctrine of "Design in nature," demolishing the pedestal upon which theologians have so boastfully reared their anthropomorphic deity, and the realm of the unknown, closed against the profanation of ceaseless inquiry, by the easy postulation of a final cause, the author would ruthlessly expose to the researches of unregenerate reason, through the demonstrations of positive science. The volume embraces a field of unusual interest to the thoughtful reader, and though the unavoidable conclusion ignores the "divine origin," the darling theory of all the systems of religion which it reviews, yet it will meet a wide demand, and doubtless excite the most bitter condemnation of illogical religionists, as well as elicit high encomiums from all unbiased readers.

REASONS FOR REJOICING—A REQUEST.

All have reason to rejoice at the rapid promulgation of the principles of the philosophy of life—Spiritualism, with its legitimate results of loosening the bonds of sectarianism, and the elevation of human character.

We, with many others, rejoice at the rapidly increasing cumulative evidence that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing the great work in this sphere, designed by its projectors in spirit-life. We further rejoice in the knowledge of the fact that thousands of the readers of the JOURNAL are being inspired to make special personal efforts to induce their neighbors to become subscribers, while those in arrears are becoming conscious that it is unjust to longer delay payment.

Good friends of the JOURNAL, have sent us 213 new subscribers during the last week, ranging from one to seventeen each.

No person can appreciate these favors more forcibly than we do. We certainly have reason to rejoice.

In conclusion, allow us to make one request, and that is, that every subscriber make it a special business to induce as many persons as possible to subscribe for the JOURNAL, for three months, on trial, between now and the first of January next, at the nominal sum of FIFTY CENTS each. Such a subscription would be a nice holiday present, to be made by those who are able to do so, to such of their friends as would never otherwise have their attention called to a spiritual paper. If such an effort is made, many thousands of new subscribers will be added to our list, the evidences of the truth of our philosophy will be scattered broadcast among the people, and a desire to commune with loved ones who have gone before, will be awakened in the minds of, and sought for by thousands who have now no faith in its possibility, and be fully realized, experimentally, to the great joy of those whose communion has been severed eternally, as was supposed, by the so-called relentless destroyer—death.

NOTHING IS LOST.

"Nothing is lost. The drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is not excluded to fall down."

In summer's thunder shower:
Perchance to shiver within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power source understood,
Then let us use our power well
To make them rise with good;

Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and cover stay,
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bloom away."

Nothing lost! How true the thought! In a world of change—constant, ceaseless change, yet nothing annihilated! A flower to-day, glistening with variegated tints! to-morrow the mildew and damp has driven them from its leaves, to glow with beauty—where? Are these beautiful tints lost that nestled with so much grace and loveliness on those leaves? If not lost, where are they? Joined the vast laboratory of nature, there to remain until conducted by little tendrils and a tiny stalk, to the leaves of a blossom again—there to shine forth as freshly as ever. It is consoling to us to know that nothing is lost. Our deeds live after us; they become a part of us.

Whatever changes takes place in the natural world, we know full well that nothing is lost, and that nothing is added to the grand volume of Infinite matter.

Societies desiring the services of Mrs. Ballou during the winter months, can address her in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago.

CHOICE LANGUAGE.

A writer in the Christian Intelligencer says: "Boston has of late become notorious for the choice language of its ministers. At the Temperance Convention, Rev. Messrs. Miner, Thompson, and User, freely used 'scamp,' 'scamp,' and etc., and it was hoped that the ministers monopolized such kind of 'slang'; but Mr. Murray, of Park street church, seems to run a race with this delectable class, and vie with them in dispensing this vulgar diction. Last Sunday evening, in alluding to such as failed in presenting fully taxable property, he called them 'liars and villains!'"

Well, why should those belonging to the various Orthodox Churches object to the free use of slang-words, or those which express the condition of an action, when it is well known that the Bible contains words bearing great resemblance to those used in the Temperance Convention. On examination, we find the following passages:

"If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

"He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar."

"Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a liar from the beginning."

"Men of high degree are a lie."

"Therefore hearken not ye to your prophets, for they prophesy a lie unto you."

Had not those high dignitaries a right to use the refined language the Bible contains? If the Bible is the Word of God, of course, He inspired His worthy prophets to use the language therein contained. Spiritualists, however, rarely use language as coarse and vulgar as that ascribed to those participating in the proceedings of that Temperance Convention, for they do not find it necessary to do so in order to clearly express their ideas. They can battle with error without resorting to slang phrases, or using those obscene expressions that abound in the writings of the Scriptures, and which an Orthodox would blush to read in his family. It is easy to say "liar," "villain," "scamp," but they mean but little, if anything, if not accompanied with the evidence.

SPIRITUALISM IN CINCINNATI.

The Inquirer, speaking of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, closing lecture, says:

"Mrs. Addie L. Ballou delivered the closing lecture of her series at Greenwood Hall last night, before quite a large audience. She opened with a poem by a disembodied spirit, entitled the 'Streets of Baltimore.' Then followed an 'invocation,' after which the fair lecturer spoke for upward of an hour on inspiration."

She concluded her lecture with the following remarks:

"My life is dear to me, because scattered through the West—parts of that life, and dependent upon it are my children. Therefore I shall live and labor so long as I can. I have not yet done with you, but having scattered the seeds I want to come back among you in harvest time. I may have disappointed you; you have not disappointed me, because I told you before you came. As one who taught great mortals more than 1800 years ago, and bore all the great torments inflicted upon Him, so may I bear my share of suffering. Most of all our speakers are discouraged. Thank God, the angels are with us. I do not depend on mortals alone, we would long since have been perished by the wayside, as we were now dying, inch by inch. All of us love our audience the instant we stand before them, and only ask one little word of encouragement. The poor mediums call down blessings upon all who cast even one little flower in their path."

Mrs. Ballou closed with an appeal in behalf of the cause and of the many suffering laborers in it, and then bade a touching farewell to the audience.

After the close of the lecture, Miss Lizzie Keizer came forward and described spirit life in the audience in the manner previously given to the readers of the ENQUIRER.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

Wash A. Danskin, of Baltimore, has published the fourth edition of the above entitled work. It is interesting, and finds a ready sale. Brother Danskin stands high as a business man, and is inferior to none in a social point of view, and yet is bold to declare his faith in spirit communion, and publishes to the world the evidence he received that convinced him of the immortality of the soul and its power to commune with loved ones in earth life after passing to "that by-rne from whence (it has been falsely said) no traveler returns."

AN INQUIRY.

W. Pierce, of Palmyra, Ohio, writes as follows:

"How and where can I find the first chapter on disorderly Christians. I desire to obtain it. I will try and send a few cases shortly which I have on hand, though rather fresh to send so far."

In reply to our Brother's inquiry, we would say that he can obtain the first chapter with reference to "disorderly Christians," of L. H. Perkins, of Kansas City, Mo. During the last two years, he has clipped from the political and secular press over three hundred cases of seduction, rape, murder, larceny, etc., committed by ministers of the gospel and prominent church members.

A LECTURE TOUR AND SPIRIT SEANCES.

In connection with Hiram Taylor, of Lenawee Co., Michigan, a test clairvoyant and describer of spirits, Elijah Woodworth will visit, through Dec., 1899, Branch Co., Mich.; Jan., 1870, Stuben Co., Ind.; Feb. and March, Lenawee Co., Mich., and Fulton Co., Ohio.

Address Elijah Woodworth, Coldwater, Mich., during Dec., 1899, and Jan., 1870.

MRS. DR. C. M. MANNING.

The above named most excellent medium's address will be found in our advertising columns. Her powers are very remarkable as a healer, seer and psychometrist. Those seeking for a true delineation of character and a prophetic unfolding of the future, should not fail to give her a call and thus oblige themselves as well as the advertiser.

Communications from the Inner Life
We shall give his charge concerning thee.
For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.
FRANK'S JOURNAL—NO. 39.
BY FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.
Immanuel Lemmon.

Give me a chance to make a confession. I am Immanuel Lemmon. I lived in the reign of Charles II. and had a situation in the Customs. Born of a good family, I moved in good society and had every opportunity to become a useful citizen, but a faulty education swayed my course through life.

During the time of Cromwell's Puritanism prevailed throughout the land, making few converts but many hypocrites. When Charles came, what a change flashed over the realm! I was then in my first class in college, and well remember the delight manifested by every one. A wall of separation had reared itself between church and people. The clergy lorded it over them with a high hand, and all stood in fear; but now all saw that their authority was at an end, and the reaction was wonderful. Nobody went to church except a few superannuated old women; and the clergy were unanimously despised.

All this had a prodigious effect upon public morals. Even the semblance of purity was disregarded, and corruption had free course everywhere. It was in such a school that I was brought up. You can form no idea of the temptations that assailed me on every side. Hardly had I made my mark in college, as a bright student, before invitations came from all the nobility and gentry around, to accept their hospitality, which meant also indulging in every species of vice.

How could a young man like me, of prepossessing manners and some accomplishments, resist such appeals to his vanity? At first, I acted under some restraint, for my mother's counsels were altogether forgotten; but after awhile I laid the reins aside and plunged into every kind of dissipation. How I now mourn over this! How memory calls up many a poor girl ruined; many a family's peace destroyed; many a youth led from the path of rectitude, bringing sorrow upon father and mother. Before marriage, I doubt if there was a more corrupt young man than myself.

I had fallen in love with a young lady, the daughter of a nobleman. At first, the family objected because of my dissipated character; but I promised reform, and for six months was a pattern of propriety, and no further objection was made. I truly loved that girl, and determined to devote my life to her happiness; and all that could make me happy now was mine; but after a few months this began to fail, and I longed for my former companions. What tears this caused! Her nature was too refined to share anything like omitting a religious duty was painful to her; what, then, to be told I had corrupted an innocent girl, who waited upon her? Never did I witness such poignant distress as when this came to her knowledge. All her finer feelings were so shocked that she began to leave me, and I was left alone in that room, that moment her mind gave way, and in less than a year the grave received her.

I knew that I had caused her death by my wickedness, and for a long time my anguish was intense; but remorse though keen cannot remain long amid the many allures of life; and now I am as free as the birds of the air.

I had formed an attachment for a lady living in London, of respectable family and considerable wealth. This last was of importance to me just now, for I had squandered most of my property in dissipation. Beautiful in person, lovely in character was the one who now had won my heart; but I was made for a purer love. My tongue had been at work. But I so combated against every obstacle that I triumphed at last; my friends gave their consent, and we were married. Now comes the darkest day in my life. I thought I had gained a loving companion, but soon I found there was not the slightest love between us. She was a pupil of the strictest cast, and cared for nothing like attending church and saying her prayers. I could not tolerate this; I believed all religion a mere form, and its possessors either fools, fanatics, bigots or hypocrites. What perpetual jarings rose between us! Her nature revolted at my impurity, and she repined at my indifference to her. This only excited my anger, and I bounced out of the house in a fury.

With one of my irascible natures, this could not go on long. Her mother, of course, took sides with her, and the war waged more and more fierce. At length I began to consider what course I should pursue, for such a life as this was absolutely unendurable. After long deliberation I determined to end her life by poison; but how to escape detection was the difficulty. I had studied chemistry, and knew all about the different poisons then used, but these were in the light of the day. I determined to make inquiry at home for fear of exciting suspicion. I therefore went to Paris, and having become acquainted with a man of considerable scientific knowledge, turned the conversation upon the subject of the East, and the various methods there of causing death. This brought up the arsenic, and from him I learned how to use a plant then but little known called belladonna.

Home I went rejoicing, and well supplied with what I wanted. A few drops of the decoction was given every day, and a month passed without perceiving any effect, but then a peculiar appearance appeared. She was feeble; her color went to her feet; her appetite was gone; her eyes lost their brilliancy, and no one could hardly recognize the beautiful woman I had married. The most eminent physicians were consulted, but all their knowledge could not reach her case. Gradually she faded away, and in less than a month after I began my attack upon the child of life, I saw her placed in the coffin.

What now was my condition? Did her death produce the happiness I looked for? While my work was going on, not a pang of remorse visited my bosom; but when I thought of the poor girl who lay dead by my side, I was seized by a shudder, and I gazed over her, as day by day I witnessed its effects, and when the coffin lid was closed, I looked on playing the hypocrite, but inwardly rejoicing.

I returned from the funeral and sought my room, but hardly had I thrown myself upon the bed when there stood my wife just as I had first known her, resplendent in her bridal beauty. She vanished, and then appeared as I had seen her before.

Here was a lesson I could not understand; and daily was this lesson given. I now became the most wretched man that lived on earth. It mattered not where I looked myself, at home in my chamber, in the park, in others company, in the street, at church, no matter where—precisely at noon, my wife was with me, and always

presenting the two aspects, the first with a smile; the second with a frown. I strove to banish the thought, but in vain. As the hour approached, a tremor seized upon me, becoming worse and worse every day, until I fairly groined as I knew the hour approached. All looked on me with wonder, wondering what demon possessed me, for a belief in such beings was then immoral. I dared not speak of what I saw, because that would excite suspicion. I must therefore bear my punishment in silence.

About this time, my means of support becoming low, I was obliged to look about for an appointment in the Customs. I hoped, too, that an active life would bring some relief; but there was no relief for me—punctually at the hour my wife appeared.

The clerks around me looked on in wonder to see a man, at a certain hour every day, become paralyzed with fear; gaze on vacancy, then, seized with horror, stand trembling in every limb, unable to move, and not able to speak. This continued for a whole year; not one day's respite in all that time. Human nature could not stand this. Gradually my health gave way—I could not attend at the office, and another filled my place. Poverty set in; I was harassed by creditors; could not pay my board; applied to my wife's father for relief, but was refused; was threatened with expulsion, and cut my throat.

In committing the last act, I had no fear of a future state, for I believed in none. It was with me not a mere matter of indifference, for I had studied the subject with much care. I had seen so much corruption among the clergy and other professors of religion, I could look upon it only as a mere farce, got up to give salaries to those too lazy to work for a living, and to give power to the government. This was the case with all nations. Then I looked to the Bible, what proof could be brought to sustain its claims? It began and ended on human testimony. If I looked on nature, she told me nothing. The beasts came and live and die, and there is the end. The grain sprouts, leaf, blossoms, ripens, dies. The spring becomes the rivulet, the rivulet the river, the river the ocean, the ocean passes into vapor to return in rain and refresh the springs. The birds rear their young, are fledged, fly, rear their young, and so on forever. In the floral kingdom the same law prevails. Everywhere, throughout all nature, the same. CHANCE is that universal law, I thought all this over and over again, could see no exception throughout nature, and therefore why should man be an exception? I opened my eyes upon a vast dome above, dark and dismal. In vain did I try to pierce the distance; all was far beyond the reach of my vision. I tried to see some living thing; but no! all nature seemed to have expired. I was not altogether conscious of my existence, and yet I distinctly remembered having cut my throat.

I soon became sensible there was a being near, but could form no idea of what being it could be. Presently there shone a light in the distance, and in its midst appeared my wife in all her bridal beauty. She smiled and vanished. A darkened gloom then came, and in it my wife appeared just as before death had freed his soul. She frowned and vanished. Here, then, was proof that life existed beyond the tomb. How I quailed at the thought that my wife still lived. I could have submitted to any kind of punishment; had not my wife appeared, but this was more than I could bear.

"What a miracle!" I exclaimed, and fell to the ground almost insensible. But she extended her hand—her touch electrified me with strength—I arose and followed her. As we proceeded, what a change had come. Nature was another garb. Grass and flowers, birds and trees, all seemed to be smiling. I was everywhere around, and I saw men, women and children with happy faces in social groups everywhere. I had no more fear of my murdered wife, for that sin, I felt assured, had been consumed by conscience. She extended her hand and smiled a welcome.

We are now of one age, no difference between us; and the band which unites us. You are but a link between spirits and mortals. It is astonishing with what facility I impart my thoughts upon your brain, and with what ease you commit them to paper. Scarce a thought have you written but what I impressed. What an instrument for good are you in the hands of others!

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.
A Strange Story of the Nineteenth Century.
A YOUNG MAN AT WATERTOWN CLAIMED TO BE POSSESSED OF EVIL SPIRITS FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND HOW THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CAST THEM OUT.

Malcolm (Wm.) St. John.

In our State times, the other day, appeared a paragraph in regard to some strange doings at Watertown—the demoniacal behavior of a young man there alleged to be possessed of evil spirits, and how the Catholic priests had been trying to cast them out. One of the editors of the Milwaukee Wisconsin has been to the scene of these transactions and inquired into the case, and we republish most of his report of what he has seen and heard, making a story which reads more like a record of the dark ages before the time of Copernicus than like a story of the enlightened Nineteenth Century.

The Wisconsin writer went to Watertown, Friday, and in company with Mr. Sleeper, the depot agent, Mr. Coe, of the Republican, and Mr. March, the artist and interpreter, went in the evening to the home of the young man, whose name is before us in a small paper, and who, as the depot agent, Mr. Coe, has been with his family, consisting of a father, mother, three boys and five girls, nearly all grown, who are of the poorer order of German peasantry, and came from Pomerania, in North Germany. The account of the visit, somewhat condensed, is as follows:

We found the young man, Selge, in his shirt sleeves, sitting by a little old pine table, trying to polish his face with a razor. There was a prayer-book and three or four old dirty beads charms on the table, and a shilling picture of the Cross was before him. The young man is a slight, simple, light-haired, nervous looking youth of twenty-six, who would be noticeable only for his "game leg" and withered, twisted hand. We took our seat on a pine stool beside him at the table, while the old folks and four grown girls, in deep, grouped about, with open mouths and staring eyes, ready to rehearse the wonderful history of the devils and the miracles, which we give with literal exactness.

About twenty years ago, when the young man was but five years of age, his next older sister found a duck's egg and a four-pinkle in it, deep, grouped about, with open mouths and staring eyes, ready to rehearse the wonderful history of the devils and the miracles, which we give with literal exactness.

He asked out a feeble existence for the six years following, when the diabolical agencies seem to have come in and got the upper hand of him entirely. He would now be suddenly taken with convulsions, pulling round the head, jerking of the shoulder, smiting of the fists, gnashing of the teeth, and uttering such words as most malignant could be said. He would then be thrown violently on the ground, and strike at all who approached him. He would be seized at the table with shaking hands, and his food scattered upon the floor. When master of himself he would make the sign of the cross in God's name, or others would for him, and sometimes appease the raging demons thereby. These spells occurred at irregular intervals, often lasting a day. The German doctors plied him with strong roots and phisicising herbs, but all to no avail. There seemed no peace for him in his old country, and in the spring of '57, they made across the big waters, and found their way here as they are.

But trouble pursued our hapless family across the waters. Soon after their arrival in Watertown, one of their little girls, a pretty, confiding little miss, sixteen, was put to living in the family of the minister of the town, where she was whose church they all belong to, and who had seven children in his family. In a short time, the simple creature became the victim of her minister's passions, and in due season she bore a living evidence of her misfortune to her father's home, and lives on miserably at home, her child being but a few months old. Twelve months, "The preacher was arrested last spring on the charge of seduction, was examined and committed to the county jail. About a month since he tore his bed blanket into strips and hung himself by the neck till he was dead. The little girl, who had been in the hands of the old demoniac symptoms broke forth upon the young man with added violence. When under spells he would spring toward the child with teeth gnashing and eyes expanded, threatening to break every bone in his body. Oftentimes nearly all the family would be effected with him, and he would then, with his hands reaching to their heads, lasting for hours. During evenings, the doors would slam, the windows shake, and strange, hollow noises be heard in one of the rooms, but nothing would be seen on entering. Late one evening, a large ball of fire was seen on the cook stove, when the young man rushed forward, snatched it with his hands, scattering the fragments over the room. Soon after, the devil, they thought, got into their cow in the yard. She would suddenly rear on her legs, snarl her tail, and shake her horns with savage fury. For days no one could approach to milk her while the young man would gaze at her antics with a stare.

Such trouble could hardly be borne. Early last winter they called in Doctor Quinley, son of the great Stockholm Indian chief, to apply his skill. He administered powerful herb phisic to the young man, also put powerful drawing plasters on his shoulders. The plasters were changed every day, and the room were found to be covered with bristles, of various colors, from a half to three inches in length. Strange things to come out of the young man, and no one could account for it.

The spiritual medium was next consulted, when a new difficulty appeared. The make seances his head up the young man's throat, till he was black in the face. The lashings of his tail could be heard under his ribs below. A goose quill was pressed down his throat, and passes made over his head, till relief was obtained, and the young man disposed of himself. The medium seemed to have power over the devils for the time, but nothing beyond.

The Catholic priest was next applied to, but he declined to engage the devils, because the young man was not a Catholic. The Bishop, who happened in the city, was afterwards asked to the latter, as being a desperate hand, the young man shaking like an aspen, unable to raise his hand in return. Presently the young man was quiet. The devil, his father said, would not let the young man eat for twenty-four hours, because of his visit to the Bishop.

Some four weeks ago, a Catholic convocation was held in Watertown, attended by several priests. The young man was taken to the church, to test the miraculous power of the priestly body, and have the devils cast out *en masse*. On being questioned as to the names of the devils, the father of the young man said one of them gave his name as William Bohrer, known to the father, as being a desperate hand, who had murdered a hog drover in the old country, many years ago, for his money.

Thursday, four weeks ago, was set as the day for the grand casting out of the evil spirits. The church was filled. The young man was laid on the altar, appearing as dead. The seven priests, kneeling around him, began their incantations by sprinkling him with holy water, anointing him with oil, burning incense, laying hands upon him, reading Latin prayers, and giving him some lotion they had prepared. They then addressed the evil spirits, saying they would pronounce a curse upon them if they didn't leave. The young man was put in different attitudes before the picture of the Holy Virgin, with similar exercises of sprinkling, burning incense, laying on of hands, etc. These exercises were repeated at different times throughout the day. Sometimes the evil spirit spoke out, and would relate to the priest German. When sprinkling him with Holy water he told them he "would like to surround their whole church with water, and purify it." When reading Latin prayers he would tell them they had not got the right one yet, when they would repeat another and another, until he uttered the word Amen. The Catholic brethren say the evil spirit spoke out many times in strange tongues, and especially in the "Irish and Latin tongue." It was believed that four devils were cast out on Thursday. On Friday three more were said to have been expelled, and on Saturday evening, the last more obnoxious devil all agreed to leave, if all the members would leave the church with him. All but three acquiesced, and the devil took his departure to the great joy and wonder of the young man and the brethren. We were pained to hear that another devil made his appearance a week ago, to cast out, and announced that he would be still four more remaining! The young man goes out to Mass every morning, and with all his family, is now a devout Catholic.

The Wisconsin writer gravely admits to his account of the Watertown affair a statement as follows: "The evil spirit spoke out many times, particularly that of an old Mohawk Indian, who says there are six evil spirits trying to get at the brain of the young man, and who have tried to choke him, and says kind soothing influences will restore the young man to quiet. The old Indian 'spirit' also states that the 'bristles' drawn out by the priest, are long, hairy worms that feed on the muscles of the young man, which were developed from *animalcules* taken in with the water from an old spring in Germany, and are the cause of his disorders, and will, in time, cause his death."

It is a bill giving women who are tax payers the right to vote in school district meetings, was recently lost in the Vermont Legislature, by a vote of 123 against 92.

There are now 550 young American students at German universities, and upward of 1,000 American youths and girls attending the higher schools and educational institutions.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MRS. BETSY BALLOU.
Modern Spiritualism over Twenty-one Years of Age.
BY MRS. SUSAN C. SIMMONS.

DEAR SIR:—The account of Mrs. Birney, of Ohio, in your JOURNAL of Sept. 5th, reminds me of a trance speaker I once knew in Crown Point, New York, a Mrs. Betsy Ballou, then a resident of that place, and a member of the Baptist church. The first time I heard her speak in that condition, was in the summer of 1832 or '33, one or two years after the great religious excitement of 1831, on the shores of Lake Champlain. It was in the Baptist meeting-house in Bridgeport, Vt., at the close of the forenoon services, that she made a most earnest and affecting exhortation and prayer. I do not know whether she took a text at that time. Those near her thought she had fainted and tried to restore her. Some were passing out of the house, and others trying to get near her, so that in the bustle I lost her first words. She had been in unusual excitement. This was the first time I saw her in that condition; but for ten or eleven years after, it was a common occurrence, both in public and private.

She lost the power of locomotion when entranced; never rose to her feet like the trance speakers of the present day, but could only gesture with her hands, and turn her face in different directions. Her eyes were closed and she seemed wholly unconscious of everything going on around her. She took no notice of anything that was said or done to her. One time at our regular Sunday meeting (in Crown Point) she had named before the last part of her exhortation, and we could not stop her or raise her to consciousness until she had finished her exhortation, made a prayer and sung a hymn.

She made no appointments, only preached "when the spirit moved" (or got control) whenever she was at home or abroad. Ever after the above named instance, she took, and preached regular orthodox sermons, quoting texts from all parts of the Bible, as fluently and correctly as the most approved revival preacher of the day, though she had no such talent in her normal state. She always seemed to think she was preaching a "congregation," even when in a private room with only three or four persons present, and always lamented "the necessity that was laid upon her to preach the gospel, seeming to think it a very trying, painful task to preach to an audience, many of whom were better educated and more capable than herself."

She did not seem to suffer physically. There was no unusual rigidity of the face, no cold, few deep inspirations and the closing of the eyes before she commenced speaking, as we see in magnetized persons and entranced speakers of today. On coming out of these trances she felt tired and weak, but in a few minutes could get up and walk or go about her work.

She enjoyed an average amount of health, did her house work, spinning, sewing and knitting, and took care of her children, four in number. One day, after Mrs. Ballou had gone through with these exercises in her strange way, in my private room, I told her what she had been doing, and expressed some wonder at the strange phenomena. She told me that "it was in answer to the Spirit's bidding." "The Spirit" had a call to preach, but she had not the ability to instruct an audience nor the courage to undertake it, yet it was strongly impressed upon her as a duty and troubled her much, and said she, "When I read Rachel Baker, the somnambulist or sleeping preacher, I pray earnestly that I might be like her in that state." She seemed to think it was herself that did the preaching, and I then had no other thought. She told me she felt the influence, or felt her strength going a few moments before hand, in time to lie down before she lost control of herself.

She used to sing and pray before serious, as well as after. She could not sing in trances, and never attempted it in her normal condition. I do not know how long she continued to preach, nor whether she is still living. She was a native of Belcher Town, Mass., daughter of Dr. Phelps, and after the death of her husband, Abiram Ballou, polisher and engraver of tombstones, she resided to that place, taking her children with her.

She visited us once after that, in the summer of '43 or '44, and preached twice at our house; she told us that she went to sleep on the cars twice on different trains, and when she waked, and looked up, she saw by the way the passengers were all looking at her, that she had been preaching. This was on the railroad between Belcher Town, Mass., and Troy N. Y. She came alone, without a traveling companion. Rachel Baker's trance preaching was of an earlier date still, but I cannot recall the exact date or location. I only recollect that she preached in the same sleeping state as Mrs. Ballou, in her own room, on the bed, I think, and always addressed a "congregation."

I do not recollect ever seeing any allusion to either Mrs. Ballou or Miss Baker, in any of the Spiritual papers, although I have often thought of them in connection with similar cases of the present day. I would like to see reprint "The History of Rachel Baker, the Somnambulist or Sleeping Preacher," in brief, in the columns of the JOURNAL. I think I have the title correct, though I have not seen it since the spring of 1852. It was a bound volume as large as the fifth read, containing some of her sermons. Edenton, O.

SPIRITUALISM IN MUNCIE.
The Red Man Returns to the Hunting Ground of his Father.

From the Muncie Times.

On Monday evening last Home News was presented by special invitation, at what is called the Spiritual Seance at the residence of Prof. J. H. Powell, in this city. The occasion of the Seance was, as stated to us by Mr. Powell, the fact that Mrs. Powell wife of Prof. P., had lately been "developed" as a "dancing medium" Mrs. P., acting under the guidance of a deceased Indian chief, named "Silver Arrow" would speak in the spirit of the deceased, and would utter the spiritualistic tutelage of aforesaid S. A., dressed in full Indian (?) costume. We reached Prof. P.'s residence on—street about seven o'clock P. M., and were met by him at the door with a kindly welcome and were soon made perfectly at home amid a small coterie of our citizens, and female. As a preliminary we were to follow, Prof. P. informed us that Mrs. P. had never attempted to take one step in dancing in her normal condition, and was utterly incapable of performing what she was about to perform in and of herself, and had not self confidence sufficient to even undertake it. Of the truth of this statement we, of course, cannot speak. If it is true, what followed was strange and remarkable, even outside of all spiritualistic theories.

In a short time after our arrival, the room was comfortably filled up, and Mrs. P. retired to a side room, accompanied by her ladies, to dress for the salutary exercises which were to follow. Those present were then requested to "form a circle," which was done by all joining hands. In a few moments Mrs. P. re-appeared dressed in red "Blooming" pants, Garibaldi waist of same color, both being trim-

med with beads and fanciful work. She also joined the circle, and stood quiescent for a few moments. Shortly her breast began to heave, her face and hands began to twitch nervously and her eyes to close, so that, in a very few moments she had apparently, passed from a state of full consciousness to one of unconsciousness. Mr. Miller of Winchester, then struck up a familiar tune on the violin. At first Mrs. P. or whoever or whatever was animating and controlling her body, did not seem to notice the harmonious sounds. Then she turned slowly in the direction from whence these sounds came. Then her feet began to move, at first very slowly, then more vigorously and rapidly, until finally she dashed off into a sort of vigorous combination of the Schottische and Highland Fling, her feet hands and every part of her body keeping perfect time with the music. This was kept up for a length of time most sufficient to utterly exhaust a less fragile body than hers. Finally the music stopped and she sat down to rest for a few moments, but did not seem at all distressed by the violent exercise through which she had gone. The music again commenced, and as before, the first response of her body to the sounds were very slow and placid, but grew more and more pensive and energetic until it seemed to permeate her whole system, and she again dashed off into a vigorous dance in which we thought we could discover faint reproductions of motions and gestures we have seen in the Indian exhibitions which traveled the country some years since.

After the dancing was over the proposition was made that Mrs. P. should exhibit her powers as a healing medium. James Charman, who was suffering severely from rheumatism in the arm and shoulder, was selected as the person to receive the benefit of her restorative powers. Drawing his coat and placing himself in a chair she began by making motions over his head and round about him. Then she rubbed the afflicted member, and vigorously slapped his back, breast and shoulders. After the operation Charman declared himself much benefited, though whether the benefit will be permanent time alone can tell.

Taking the entire exhibition together it disclosed some remarkable features. Here was the body of an English woman, possessed and controlled, as it is claimed by the spirit of a deceased Indian. We have a right to suppose that the Indian S. A. could not understand a word of English during his earthly career, and we know that none of those present could understand or speak a word of genuine Indian. Yet, many present spoke to the Spirit in English and he replied in guttural Indian, and they understood each other. Did the Indian learn English after he reached the "other side"? I say no. Others were the favored spectators present so spiritually illuminated that they could "palaver" Indian "just like a knife."

Another thing: If Mrs. P. never danced in her normal condition, who taught her the proper steps in an abnormal condition? If the truth is as related by P. and many others, the world saw was remarkable an exhibition as moral eyes looked upon. We do not attempt to decide any of the questions involved, though we have our opinion—We state what we saw, and leave every body to draw their own conclusions.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
AUSTIN KENT.
"Do Unto Others as ye would that Others should Unto you."

BROTHER JONES:—Will it be asking too much of you to publish another appeal in behalf of our suffering and needy brother, Austin Kent, of Stockton, N. Y. I received a letter from Brother Kent a few days since, containing a number of circulars, briefly stating his deplorable and unfortunate condition as an invalid. Please allow me to quote from both his letter and circular, that benevolent people may understand in a clear light his absolute necessity for help. He says, in his letter to me that "It hurts me (Kent) to take money from the poor; but if any body can spare me one, five or ten dollars, and not injure themselves, I am most grateful for it." "I have often thought that if the radicals knew my condition, they would not see me suffer for temporal necessities."

He farther says that the appeals written by Brothers Walker and Sherman in the JOURNAL, "brought him three dollars only," and that he also received, as a result of his letter published in the JOURNAL, "Thirty five dollars, which has relieved me much; with what has come from other sources."

We would say to the Spiritualists, and all who may have a good supply of the "milk of human kindness," that a free opportunity is now presented to them for doing an act of kindness: that will bless the giver as much as the receiver, and make light the burden and trials of a life of pain and suffering, now being borne by a brother mortal, Austin Kent.

Spiritualists, as a class, ought not to be selfish. We are always ready to expatiate upon our glorious belief whenever a suitable occasion presents itself, and in so doing, we sow the seeds of comfort to be enjoyed by others. Let us be true to our philosophy. I say we can talk in the most beautiful strains and brilliant pathos when we take into consideration the majesty and grandeur of our sublime belief in the brotherhood of the spirit of the World; but are we ready to actualize the benefits to be derived from good words and charitable deeds, toward the suffering and needy in our own ranks, as we are teaching them to imitate their unfortunate and destitute condition, without putting our hand down deep in our pockets and producing the kind of "sympathy" which is always the most potent in keeping the "wolf from the door?"

There are many in our ranks who are needy and deserve to be aided by those who have the where-withal to give, and I have no doubt that many would cheerfully give of this world's goods to those who are in poverty and want, if the case was fairly stated to them.

Now I propose to make a proposition to the readers of the glorious JOURNAL in behalf of our brother, Austin Kent, which is this: I will be one of fifty individuals to pay into the hands of S. S. Jones, the sum of \$100 each, for our religious and maintenance of Brother Kent during his illness upon earth, provided that my health and strength will permit me to do so.

I presume Bro. Jones would have no objection to setting in the capacity of treasurer, and at the same time publish the names of individuals who are willing to respond to my proposition: For my part, I mean to do it, and I can give Brother Kent six dollars a year, and receive compound interest for my money. At least I am so strongly persuaded in that belief that I shall try the experiment, and all I ask is, I hope that this will meet with a hearty and generous response from the part of the Spiritualists, and that Brother Kent may be treated as kindly by us as though he were in the same condition as our "superannuated preachers" who are to "preach" to the "superannuated" of the boom of the old second hand church, where some of them would almost rob the poor boughten brethren in Africa, Burmah and Siam.

Beginning your pardon for this lengthy communication, I remain yours truly,
J. M. WINNOLLO.
Barre, Mass., Nov. 20th 1869.

Next Christmas Eve is set for the marriage of some five hundred cousins in New Hampshire, as after that date the intermarriage of first cousins will be prohibited there.

E. V. WILSON.

Our Tour in Michigan--No. 6.

in E. V. Wilson, a Spiritualist and medium, who has been lecturing and giving tests in Al-
most, during the week. "*Spiritual humbug*
and impostor,—besides it is all a delusion, and of
the Devil, a lie. We heard, we felt, we were
told. The nature of the 'gentle Vindicta' par-
don us," was up and ready for the battle, which
was quick, decisive and to the point. Turning
to our critic, we asked :
"Are you a minister ?"
"Yes."
"Were you called of God to preach the gos-
pel ?"
"Yes."
"Do you believe in a God ?"
"Yes."

DeMolono.

The Paris "Rapport" says that a plans but childless couple had long desired an heir, and finally, just as Crenius applied to the oracle at Delphi to know what he should do to obtain one, they determined to petition God for an infant. They went to church, burned a wax candle, and promised the Lord that if He would give them a child, it should become a pontifical zovave to defend the temporal power of the Pope. It would have been laughable if the child had been a girl. But the priest was born unto them. When he was a year old they gave him toy soldiers to play with. At two, he was dressed like a soldier, and at three he was a general. He wounded his mother with his young bayonet. His

47 In despatching the remains of Mr. Peabody to this country in an English man-of-war, Queen Victoria pays a truly royal tribute to the dead.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 a. m.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m., in Temperance Hall, Market street between 4th and 5th.

half past one on Chandler's Hall. H. A. Estland, Conductor.
Mrs. Della Pease, Guardian.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Capital Hall, South West corner 5th and Adams street. A. H. Worthen President, H. M. Langford Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M. B. A. Richards, President. W. J. Adams, Secy. Good.

M. H. Philbrick, Conductor; Miss R. Rogers, Guardian.

Lewis, Ind.—The "Friends of Progress" organized permanently, Sept. 2, 1886. They use the Hall of the "Sales Library Association," but do not hold regular meetings. J. F. Barnard, President; Mrs. Carrie S. Huddleston, Vice President; F. A. Coleman, Secretary; D. A. Gardner, Treasurer; Johnathan Swain, Collector.

1997

Yours, &c.,
W. D. KELLY.

Box 5817, New York City.
If your Druggist hasn't the **Powders**, send your money at once to **PROF. SPENCE**, at above direct. For sale also at the Office of the **RELIGIO-PHYSIOLOGICAL** 187 and 189 South Clark street.
Vol 7 No 11

7

RELIGIOUS JOURNAL

PHILOSOPHICAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

NOTED TO
ORIGINAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

(SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.)

B. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

VOL. VII.—NO. 13.

Literary Department.

A SPIRIT CHILD.

BY EMMA L. DAVIS.

A little child came to me here,
A sweet-faced little one,
And whispering softly in my ear
"Tell mother, I have come."
Her curling locks of flaxen hair
Floated in the breeze wild;
Her eyes are blue, her face is fair,
But she's a Spirit Child.
A dazzling light enwraps her—
Bright as the noon-day sun,
"I have come to see my mother,"
Whispers the little one.
"I have come to see my mother—
Come from a sunny life,
Come to tell her 'Lily' loves her,
And stay with her awhile.
The angels call me 'Lily' now—
My spirit name, they say
They put a wreath upon my brow,
I wear it every day.
The Summer Land is beautiful,
I'm happy all day long,
My home is bright with spirit flowers—
Sweet with the angels' song.
I often come to see you here,
Brought by an angel bright;
And when you do not know I'm near,
I touch you, oh! so light.
When sick, I kiss your face and hand,
And soothe away your pain.
Now, I must go, the angel bids
Will bring me here again."

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

His Communication to the New York Public.

Dictated through a clairvoyant while in the abnormal or trance state.

I have often thought that if it should ever be my privilege to become a Ghost, I would enlighten the poor, benighted denizens of the earth as to how I did it, and give me no definite account of what I should see, and the transformation that would befall me, than either Benjamin Franklin or George Washington had been able to do in the jargon that had been set before me by Spiritualists as coming from the world of spirits. "Stuff!" I have exclaimed again and again after looking over spirit communications and wondering why a man should become so stilted because he had lost his avocations.

The opportunity which I boasted I would not let slip has arrived. The public must judge of how I avail myself of this ghostly power.

Now and then I was troubled with strange misgivings about the future life. I had a hope that man might live hereafter, but death was a solemn fact to me, into whose mystery I did not wish too closely to pry.

"Presentiments," as the great English novelist remarks, "are strange things. That connection with some coming event, which one feels like a shadowy hand softly touching him, is inexplicable to most men."

I remember to have felt several times in my life undefined forebodings of some future which was before me; and just previous to my departure from this world, I have generally stated in the journals of the day, I experienced a similar sensation. An awful blank seemed before me—a great chasm into which I would soon be hurled. This undefined terror took no positive shape.

After the death of my son I felt like one who stood upon a round, high, rocky ledge, under him and left him nowhere.

The sudden death of James Harper added another shock to that which I had already felt. I did not understand then, though I have since comprehended it, that I was like some great tree, rooted in the ground, which could not be dragged from the earth in which it was rooted until it had received some sudden blow to loosen its hold and make its grip less tenacious.

But in the very midst of these feelings I sought the society of friends, and endeavored around the social board to exhilarate my senses and drown these undesirable fancies.

Life seemed so secure among friends, but death was not to be dodged. It caught me unarméd and alone at midnight in the very doorway of my home.

I had crossed the threshold, and remember trying to find the stairs and being seized with a dizziness. The place seemed to spin around and I felt that I was falling. Next, a great weight seemed to press me down like some horrid nightmare. After this I seemed to be falling backward through a blackness—an lanky blackness. It came close to me, and pressed close upon my lips and my eyes. It smothered me; I could not breathe.

Then ensued a struggle within me such as Lazarus might have felt when he endeavored to break through his grave garments. It was frightful, that effort for mastery!

I understand it now. It was the soul fighting its way into birth as a spiritual being, like a child fighting its way out of its mother's womb.

I remember feeling faint and confused after that, like one who has long been deprived of food. An unconsciousness stole over me for a moment, from which I was awakened by a sudden burst of light. I seemed to open my eyes

upon some glorious morning. I felt an arm around me; I turned and met the smiling face of my son. I thought myself in a dream, and yet I was filled with a weird, unearthly consciousness that some strange transformation had taken place. My son's voice murmured in my ear, "Father, go with me now." As he spoke, his voice sounded like the vibration of distant bells. When he touched me a fire seemed to thrill through my veins. I felt like a boy, a wild, praiseworthy sensation of freedom took possession of me. My body lay upon the ground. I laughed at it; I could have taken it and tossed it in the air.

"Come, let's go," said I; "don't stay here."

My chief desire was to get out of the house. Like a boy, I must fly his kite, out I would go. I feared I might be caught and taken back if I did not hasten, and moved toward the door. The seams of that door, which I had always thought well joined, seemed now to stand twelve inches or more apart. Every atom of that wood which had appeared so solid to me was now more porous than a honeycomb. Out we went through the crevice. A party of men were standing upon the doorsteps. One put forth his hand to grasp mine. I laughed aloud when I recognized the person as James Harper! Another was Richmond; another, one of my associates in the editorial corps. I was perfectly amazed, and set up a hilarious shout, which they echoed in great glee. We started forth, a convivial party. The atmosphere hung in heavy mists around the houses, like the morning mists about the base of a mountain.

We did not walk on the ground; the air was solid enough to bear us. I felt that we were rising above the city. My senses seemed magnified. The comprehension of all I did was very acute. We kept along the earth's atmosphere for quite a distance.

"Let us sail out," said I at last.

"We cannot yet," we must wait till we reach the current. If we go outside of it, we may be lost in the intense cold and the poisonous gases, or we may be swallowed up in the vortex of some flaming comet," answered my wise companions.

The statement looked very reasonable, so I allowed myself to be guided and we soon found ourselves in a great belt of light of a pale rose color, in which we sailed seemingly without any effort, moving the hands and arms at times and at other times folding them across our breasts.

As we advanced, the channel in which we moved increased in depth and brilliancy of color and I grew more and more exhilarated. Finally we paused and commenced to descend. The air was very luminous, radiating and scintillating like the flashing of diamonds, and so electric that the concussion of sound vibrated like the peal of some distant organ.

Looking down through the glittering atmosphere that surrounded me, I perceived what appeared to be the uplifting peak of a mountain. A halo of light rested upon its summit, and we seemed drawn toward it with a gentle force.

This mountain, I was informed, was one of a magnetic chain which belts the spirit world. In color and material it was like an opal.

I was told that a peculiar sympathy existed between it and the uplifting peak of a mountain on earth were in juxtaposition with this mountain they feel a strange yearning for the spirit home.

Now then, the mysterious riddle is solved, thought I, and this must be the spiritual north pole.

I soon stood upon terra firma; if these translucent rocks could be called terra firma, which rose in glittering and polished peaks all around us. They were wonderfully iridescent, so that no bed of gorgeously-colored flowers could have filled the eye with a greater variety of tints.

A few steps around a projecting bluff brought us into sight of what appeared to me a magnificent palace of alabaster. This palace I soon learned was a hotel, or place of resort for travelers.

In ascending its polished steps I was met by some half dozen persons whom I had known. You may be sure a wonderful handshaking ensued. I remained here but a few moments, partook of refreshments, and then proceeded to the court yard, where I was told a car awaited to carry us to our destination.

The car seemed to be a frame-work, apparently of silver wire. We now comfortably seated ourselves, when two large wings struck out from it like those of some great condor. We moved rapidly over the acclivity. This is a new way of crossing mountains, thought I; I will have to introduce it in the Sierra Nevada and Colorado.

I inquired how the machine was propelled, and was informed, "Simply by a chemical experiment similar to your galvanic battery."

You may conceive my astonishment when we descended into the park of a vast city.

"My God," exclaimed I, "it cannot be that I am in the spirit world! Why look at the houses and churches and temples! What magnificent buildings! But I must say the material alone struck me as something sublime and unearthly. So transparent and rich in color, reflecting light as through a veil or mist! 'This caps all,' said I, as doctors and lawyers, artists and authors, whom I had known, stepped up to greet me, smiling and full of life. 'Why how is this?' 'Is this you?' 'Where did you come from?' 'Questions like these came from all sides. Francis and Brady, Willis, Morris, and a host of New Yorkers who had slipped out of sight and almost out of mind, now gathered around me as if by miracle. I rubbed my eyes in wonder. 'Spring Brown,' cried out, 'Why how is this, Brown! It can't be that I am in heaven! Do you have such things here?' 'Houses, stores, and works of art on every side!'

"Yes; people must live," said he, "wherever they be."

"And are men here the same, with all their faculties?" I asked.

"Yes; why not? Have you any you'd like to lose?"

I shook my head and walked on absorbed in thought. And are all our paraphernalia for funerals, our solemn black, and our long prayers but useless ceremonies? Why, according to this, the beliefs of the Chinese, Hotentot, African and Indian are nearer the truth than our civilized creeds.

I find that there are few things in which society in this world so much differs from that of earth as in its social and political arrangements.

All the great system of living for appearances, and the habit of self-deception whereby men live outwardly what their secret lives disavow, are here entirely done away with.

In the first place, the marriage relations differ materially from those of earth, and no false sentiment nor custom, nor religious belief holds together those who are dissimilar in their nature. Neither do men crucify their tastes and feelings from a mistaken idea of duty.

The miseries and disasters which are attendant on a life on earth, which as a parent would view the whooping-cough or scarlatina which afflict the body of his child—as necessary steps toward his progress from youth to manhood.

A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation. You remember the singular and sudden death of Abraham Lincoln in the spirit world, finding their cause discomfited and the purpose of an all-wise Providence in this sudden closing of an eventful career. It was discussed in every news paper in the land, and the conclusion was that the Creator had some special purpose in his removal, and this we all believe.

But leave the enigmas to be solved.

Standing face to face and walking side by side, as I have done for the last few days with this man, raised as some suppose for the special purpose of trying the slave—a martyr for principle—I find that he enjoys as a cool joke, the simple, unadorned, and unassuming life, and the solemn fact that he was removed, not by God, but by spirit politicians, God's agents.

And the state of the case is this: The Southern rebels, hot-blooded and revengeful, who are arriving daily by scores and hundreds, in the spirit world, find their cause discomfited and worsted, become mutinous. They were too raw and new to fall into the harmony of the spirit life, and they threatened a second war in heaven; a war which those young Lucifers would have waged with terrific power.

To quell this disturbance and produce a counteraction, it was necessary that one whom they looked upon as the great leader of the Northern cohorts should be withdrawn from the post he occupied.

A man of calm, dispassionate judgment, not vindictive, who could hold the reins with a firm hand, yet look with a lenient eye on the follies which he did not share, was needed in the spirit world, and that man was Abraham Lincoln.

When those young Southern bloods had conspired with their co-patriot to his downfall, had instigated and accomplished his assassination, and when he had appeared in their midst, the simple, unadorned, and unassuming life, and the solemn fact that he was removed, not by God, but by spirit politicians, God's agents.

The liberal party in the spirit world, friends to humanity and progress, could have prevented his removal, had they wished; but not desiring to do so, they prepared his mind by dreams and visions for what would take place in the spirit world. For a short time in the spirit world he held position of pacificator and chief ruler over that portion of the American spirit world represented by the North and South.

But after averting this peril, which would have involved the States in anarchy and was such as they had not yet experienced, he retired to private life.

Another instance, proving that the inhabitants of the spirit world, like their great prototype, the Creator, do not look at immediate distress, but at the advantages that may accrue therefrom, presents itself in my removal from the sphere in which I had many years worked out all I would be useful to humanity.

Like a charge of affairs called back to Washington because he can fill a better post, so I, through the solicitations of relatives and fellow-citizens who have preceded me to this new world, was called here for the purpose of editing a journal, assisting in ameliorating the condition of the Southern States, and also to use my influence in the Congress and Senate at Washington toward producing a better comprehension of their needs.

I have one thing to say to my brother journalist, Horace Greely, and that is, that the Union which has lasted so many years for the principal topic of his radical sheet are here put in operation.

Each one seems desirous of co-operating with his neighbor, and people of like tastes and feelings associate together and live in vast communities or cities. They do not settle down into routine, as they do with you. The cost of traveling depending chiefly on the will and energy of the individual, the inhabitants are ever in motion, ever ready for a change, if wisdom or pleasure should dictate it. The condition of the common people is very different from that of the lower classes in the condition which adapts them to a higher spiritual life. I say lower classes, because under the system of monarchical governments, the peasants and laborers of Europe have been kept in a state of bestial ignorance, developing chiefly in the animal propensities, and not fitting themselves for the higher enjoyments of the spirit life.

Finding that the spirit world was likely to be overrun by this class of ignorant and superstitious people, its wise rulers have instigated the United States to provide means for the education and development of these lower classes of society.

It is only by associating with those of a high

er intellectual development that the ignorant become enlightened, and America, in throwing down all barriers to political and social advancement, has been the chief instrument of lifting the great mass of humanity to a position of power in the spirit world; still there are crowds of beings, ignorant and superstitious, who enter the spirit world, and their intellect can only be unfolded by the labor and guidance of some master mind. I was surprised to find that physical labor here, as on earth, was one of the chief means employed to assist in mental growth; and I found swarms of English, Irish and German people happily at work, cultivating the land and erecting houses for themselves and others, and assisting in the great machinery of life, which here, as in the other world, resolves its constant round.

I had nearly forgotten to mention that since leaving your world I returned on one occasion to attend a seance, as it is termed, for physical manifestations, and had the pleasure of seeing how our chemists combine from the elements the semblance of the human form. I had been interested when on earth in an experiment recently made by scientific men, whereby, through a peculiar combination of metals, a flame is caused to assume the shape of flowers, leaves, fishes and reptiles, apparently developed from the air, and I discovered an intelligent solution of the remarkable experiment in the manifestations I witnessed at this seance.

It appears that every particle in nature throws off a gaseous emanation, partaking of its particular shape. These gaseous particles are not discernible with the material eye, excepting when by chance they coalesce, and then a phosphorescent light ensues, which renders them apparent.

A similar effect to this is seen in electricity, which lies latent and viewless till by a sudden coalescing of its parts, it manifests itself in zig-zag lines and flashes of light which illuminate the heavens.

Now certain material bodies have the power of drawing those atoms in close affinity, and when they are thus drawn, the shapes alluded to are clearly discernible by the human eye.

I discovered another fact, and that is that every human being emits a light, and in the case of those called "mediums," it is intense like the Drummond light, and a spirit standing in its rays will become visible to mortal sight.

These experiments interested me highly, as they had been heretofore inexplicable to my mind.

Approach of the topics of today, I must here relate what I have heard of the "Lord Byron scandal," which is creating so marked a sensation at present. I am told by Byron and others that Lady Byron, recently arriving in the spirit world, and finding matters very different from what she had expected, and that she was released from the wife of Lord Byron (who having resided there some thirty years had formed a new and happy alliance), was stung with jealousy and vexation and hastened to inspire Sir Stowe to repeat the story which had become a matter of faith with her, hoping thereby to inflict a punishment on Byron, who ignored his relation to her.

If she had waited until she had resided a little longer in spirit life she would not have pursued so foolish a course. But I must bring this long letter to a close, assuring my friends that I have the prospect of as active a life before me as the one I have just closed on earth.

REMARKS: THE ABOVE MESSAGE WAS TAKEN FROM A WORK ENTITLED: "STRANGE VISITORS, BY A CLAIRVOYANT. IT IS A WORK OF THRILLING INTEREST, CONTAINING 230 PAGES AND IS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. PRICE \$1.50; POSTAGE 10 CENTS. WE SHALL ALLUDE TO THIS BOOK AGAIN SOON.

POWERS THE SCULPTOR.

His Wonderful Experience—His Clairvoyant—And Views.

From Appleton's Journal.

When Dr. Walswright was in Florence, I asked him to go with me and see some curious and, to me, inexplicable phenomena in biology, which a Frenchman was exhibiting at a private house. He had two models, whom I very well knew, for his subjects, and after putting them to sleep by his manipulations, would stick needles under their nails, and the quick make pinpricks on the forehead, and run a heavy needle directly through their hands. We handled these needles, and there was no mistake. The wounds did not bleed, nor did the patients seem to suffer the least, or to be conscious of what was happening to them.

At the second of Weber's last walk, one of these went through a series of such highly dramatic and graceful postures, accompanied by such expressive change of feature varying from the utmost sadness to the utmost ecstasy of expression, that we were both carried away by the spectacle, and when the needles were withdrawn, we were both raised our eyes in prayer, it was almost overpowering. Spite of all the undeniable reality of this portion of the exhibition, it terminated with trickery too potent to escape the detection of any fair observer. As we left, I asked the doctor, who had ridiculed the deception below a went on, what he thought now. Agreeing with me in the trickery of the last part of the exhibition, where the Frenchman's wife had attempted to add by imposture to the interest of the performance; he said, "It was undeniably genuine up to that point, and most inexplicable; but I could not at all understand how a walk could incline the young woman to fall on her knees in prayer."

"Call it a hymn doctor," I said, "and remember that no tender or more pleading strains were ever written, and your difficulty will disappear." "You are right, Mr. Powers," said the doctor, "that was just what I needed to hear."

These spiritualist phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many "seances" at my house and others when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house, and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That hand floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room. It is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and, besides him, there were six others round one-half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight. All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs.—, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. "Could it take a fan?" cried her husband. Three raps responded. "Yes," and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. "Could it hold the handle?" said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. "Could it fan the rest of the company?" some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent; and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors or morbid feelings. My children, who knew all about it, and were present never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe; and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even enable us to perceive their forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see his outward robes. If his nervous system, alone were delicately separated out from his body, it would have the precise form of his body; for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel on the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and, filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eye. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear, and, under certain states to be seen. I do not often mention an awaking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened one day and twenty years ago.

I had retired at the usual hour, and, as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon my infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and I thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand; but the candle was out. Still the light increased, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, as I cast my eye upward, and as it was to the back of the bed I saw a light on the side, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant. A glorious brightness seemed to shroud them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering), I felt my pulse to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from waking my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said, "And is our darling, then so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

37 The last step toward the full recognition of woman's rights is the appearance in the New York City Hall Park of a female boot-black. She is sixteen, pretty, and is kept constantly busy.

38 Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the breezes of kindness.

— An unmarried woman at Virden, Ill., owns seven hundred acres of excellent land, which she paid for, teaching school.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospectus on each page.

Those sending money to this office for the Journal, should be careful to state whether it is a regular, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

If any person receiving this paper after the time for which it is prepaid, desires to have it discontinued, he or she should inform us of that fact by letter, without delay and at any time. To take the paper after its due time of prepaid subscription has expired, payment will be required at regular rates, until all arrears are paid.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Pen is mightier than the sword."

GOD AND MIND

Views of Beecher, the Hindu, Thomas Gales Forster, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Plato.

"Here, then, it seems to me, is the simple doctrine of the Holy Ghost, stated in brief: that it is the influence of the divine mind, of the whole being of God, as it were, sent down in the realm of rational creatures, hovering above them as a stimulating atmosphere, and as food for the soul; and that when man rises into this atmosphere which is the nature of God diffused in the world, he comes to a higher condition of faculties."—HARRIS WATTS BARNES.

That is a glorious thought, an idea that banishes the commonly received opinion that there is a personal God. "The nature of God diffused" in the world, embraces within itself all things. It is gratifying to us to know that the ideas advanced in the JOURNAL, from time to time, in regard to the nature of God, life, mind, matter and motion, are receiving the attention of the thinking minds of the age. "God diffused" is an idea grand in its nature. God is everywhere. Not a tiny leaf moves in the forest, not a zephyr that travels over mountains and valleys, not a dew drop that kisses the fragile flower, not anything in all God's vast Universe, but is a part of that "God diffused," in regard to which Beecher speaks. While we admire those brilliant strides that distinguish him when advancing on disputed domains, to call grand truths therefrom if he can find them, we really deplore his adherence to Old Orthodoxy to that extent that he must, in all his theological dissertations, have the Holy Ghost connected therewith, and attempt to explain the nature of the same, asserting that it is a part of the "God diffused in the world." We think that if Mr. Beecher would divest himself of his theological mantle, expand his lungs and breathe the pure air of religious freedom, he would really appear like a philosopher, instead of a caterer to the religious aristocracy of Brooklyn.

He takes the position assumed by us, that mind is diffused through all space, but adds in connection therewith, that this "diffusive mind" constitutes God, and that the influence thereof is the Holy Ghost. This is certainly a peculiar method of reasoning in order to sustain a Bible text. He ascribes a certain name to the influence of this "diffused mind," when the word effect would answer the same purpose. It through the influence of this "diffusive mind," which he calls God, man should be formed, or, if through the instrumentality of his creative energies, the tall tree, the beautiful flower, the loathsome snake, and the poisonous reptile, were brought into existence, they would constitute the Holy Ghost,—being the result of the influence of this "diffusive mind" of God.

There are many fine thoughts connected with the discourses of Mr. Beecher, that can not fail to attract attention, still there is an adherence to Old Orthodoxy manifested in connection with the same, that is far from being commendable. We admire that man who fearlessly leaves old established landmarks, and receives new truths from whatever source they may originate, and who will not mar the beauty of his thoughts by catering to the whims of an aristocratic congregation. While we regard Mr. Beecher as one of the most brilliant minds of the age, he occasionally loses his self-possession in his attempts to harmonize texts of Scripture, and becomes a caterer for public sentiment.

When preaching at one time on this text, "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them, and they spoke with songs and psalms" (Acts 13: 9), he says:

"Our text brings to view a memorable truth of transcendent value—one of the higher truths, namely: the existence of a Universal divine Spirit, in its special relation to the human understanding and the human soul."

We find a disposition on the part of Mr. Beecher in all his sermons to take this position, that there is a God independent of certain conditions and forms of matter, or that He exists in the abstract. While he regards God as all-powerful, he appears to entertain the idea that certain manifestations can take place independent of Him, or antagonistic to the divine Spirit. Now, if any fact is self-evident, it is this, that there can be nothing in existence that stands in antagonistic relations to God. Why? Is not God all-powerful? If so, how can power exist outside of Him? If the power which moves your hand is not a part of the all-power of God, then there is a power outside of Him, consequently, He can not be all-powerful. If anything in existence is antagonistic to God, it must possess power, destroying at once one of the attributes claimed for Him.

We append the following views:

"The divine Being is not merely a person, superlative, infinite, and yet embodied, and, as it were, hidden in the centre of his vast domain. We are taught that there is an essence of spirit-power, and that the Holy Spirit pervades the universe. It is to the personality of God what the light and heat of the sun is to the sun itself. For, though the sun is in a definite sphere and position, and has its own definite mass, yet it is its light through which it reveals its power, and as it therefore pervades by its light and heat, so the divine Being pervades the universe. The mental power, the thought power, the spirit power, of the divine mind imparts the rational universe."—BARNES.

Still, the Hindu attempts to systematize his aspirations into a conception of God. A being who fills all space and

void, whom he calls Brahman, to whom he ascribes the three attributes of Deity, is obviously manifest in the splendor of creation, whom he calls Brahman, the Creator, he who has the four winds of heaven in his hands, who is all powerful, about and around whom all creation clusters.—SWAMI HANDESH.

"Man is the centre of all the influences of the spiritual and material."—SWEDENBORG.

"You will find matter is but another form of God, and that by its means God's thoughts are given off."—THOMAS GALE FORSTER.

"All matter is God's tongue, and from its motion God's thoughts are rung. The realm of space are the octave bells, and the music notes are the sun and stars."—PLATO.

"You are God. I am God. We are all parts of the same Infinite God-Head. There is no place where God is not. There is no place that has not the seal of divinity upon it."—MRS. J. H. CONANT.

We find the position assumed by Mr. Beecher somewhat antagonistic to those quoted above, for he assumes that there is a God in the abstract. If man is not a part of God, we would like to have him explain where God terminates and man commences, and show how it is that God can be all powerful, and yet the power of man is not his power. He speaks of the divine Spirit as the "diffusive mind" of God, as follows:

"This divine Spirit, or, if I may so say, the diffusive mind of God pervades all the realm of intelligent beings, and it is the atmosphere that the soul is to breathe—the medium of its light, the stimulus of its life—the first place as a general excitement. It develops the whole nature of a man by raising it to life. We are familiar with the gradualness of excitement."

In assuming that position, he separates man from God, and at the same time, makes him a part of God. It (the diffusive mind), he says, "Develops the whole nature of man by raising it into life." How can, we would ask, this "diffusive mind" develop a person, without it affords nourishment to him, in which case the body developed must be a part of that nourishment—the "diffusive mind" of God, and of course, he must be a part of Him. Now if this divine spirit pervades all the realm of intelligent being, every nook and corner of the whole universe, what right have you to call that a part of God, and ignore that which it is intimately interblended with? This "diffusive mind" permeates everything, is indissolubly interblended with all matter, and why not call that God with which its destiny seems to be irrevocably cast, as well as to ascribe this "diffusive mind" to Him. As well worship a tree, a mountain, a golden calf or a bronze statue, as this "diffusive mind" of God, independent of that which it is intimately blended with. If Mr. Beecher in his elucidations of this question, would go forth fearlessly, and not stop in the reaching forth of that master mind of his, to cater to Old Orthodoxy, he would rarely fail to come to correct conclusions.

He speaks as follows in regard to the development of man:

"For although we find man first in this world, and receive his first food because he begins at a low point, yet as he develops, and goes up step by step, higher faculties, requiring a higher kind of stimulus or food, are developed, and he reaches manhood at that point in which he begins to act on the influence that are divine and spiritual, and that flow directly from God. Up to that point he lives as an animal, and beyond that point as a man."

"Up to maturity," man lives as an animal." In all of his sermons we never witnessed a weaker point, one that has not the shadow of a foundation on which to rest to receive the attention of the thinking mind. According to this position, man only becomes receptive to spiritual influences when he arrives at manhood. Then, of course, he must be changed instantaneously, prior to that time he was living "as an animal." He says this "diffusive mind" pervades all the realm of intelligent beings, and then makes another element, which is "divine and spiritual" and which does not act upon man until he arrives at maturity. But think of the utter absurdity of this position. He who dies before reaching manhood, dies as "an animal," for he has lived as one. The influence of God are constantly acting, are showered down on all alike. The boy of fifteen may have a more comprehensive knowledge of things in general than the old man of sixty, yet he has never received those higher influences of which Beecher speaks from the fact he has not arrived at manhood. I wonder if he would be willing to admit that Jesus Christ lived as "an animal" until he arrived at manhood!

As we said before, he defines the Holy Ghost as being the effect of the "diffusive mind," of the whole being of God, and at the same time states that man is developed from this "diffusive mind," or the influence thereof, consequently man is the HOLY GHOST. Mr. Beecher knows very well that a position of this kind has all the elements of weakness, and is assumed merely to cater to that lingering residue of orthodoxy that still continues to hang like a dark pall over the minds of many people, resulting, of course, in many erroneous ideas in regard to the true nature of Deity. We believe that the time is not far distant when Mr. Beecher will fully admit the truth of the Harmonical Philosophy—then with aspirations uncrippled, energies unbiased, and mind free, he will go forth giving utterance to those sublime truths which are resting in the minds of angels, waiting for an opportune moment to make their advent on earth, through some receptive mind.

ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM.

By William B. Fehentock, M.D. Barkley & Co., Publishers.

We have published many articles from the pen of the author of the above entitled book, which has elicited much thought, and aroused great expectations in the minds of the readers of this paper in regard to his theory for producing artificial somnambulism, thereby forming conditions for spirit control.

This new work, now upon our shelves, and ready for supplying orders, is a neat volume of 328 closely printed pages, and is offered at \$1.50 per volume. When sent by mail, 15 cents extra for postage must be remitted.

From the latest reading we have given the work, we can assure our readers that an investment in this book will not be regretted. That spirit communion is to be an every day occurrence with the great mass of mankind, we doubt not. Those who peruse this book, and follow the directions given in the same, will hasten that greatly to be desired period.

MOTHER EVE'S MONUMENT AND MRS. LIVERMORE'S MONUMENT.

LIVERMORE—ADAMS' MONUMENT.

When we announced to the public that we were in favor of having a monument erected to perpetuate the memory of Adam, and that we were willing that the Rev. Charles Rogers, of England, should act as agent for the reception of funds for the purpose designated, little did we anticipate that Mrs. Livermore of the *Agitator* would announce herself in favor of erecting a beautiful monument to represent the part which Mother Eve acted in the first dawn of creation. We do not wonder that Mrs. Livermore, who is devoted to the cause of woman, and who is an earnest and eloquent advocate for such a change in our civil laws and literary institutions, that will place her on an equality in all respects with man, should not want Mother Eve slighted. As an advocate of those principles of justice, which, if endorsed, would place women where she belongs, she manifests in her speeches more real logic, greater breadth of thought, and a truer appreciation of the present status of woman, than Anna Dickinson, while her force of character and systematic action in the agitation of reform questions, places her at the head of American Women. On the rostrum, she exhibits common sense, rarely manifested by those who have risen to that position by the study of the "rights and wrongs" of woman, and who deem themselves capable of electrifying the masses by their forensic eloquence, well rounded periods, brilliant metaphors and terse logic, but who "dress to kill," and who really do kill themselves in the estimation of the thinking classes. Mrs. Livermore, on the contrary, dresses plainly, yet neatly, evincing a judgment in that respect that the intelligent masses admire.

Standing foremost, then, as an advocate of the rights of woman, it is not strange that Mrs. Livermore should revert back to that historic period at the first dawn of creation, when Mother Eve was ushered into existence in a sort of *locus-potius-protinus* change way, God using for the purpose a rib which He had taken from man, and desire a monument erected to perpetuate her memory. Having taken a decided stand in favor of a Monument to Adam, it certainly would be disconcerting for us to oppose the erection of one to Eve. Mrs. Livermore having taken the initial steps in this matter in favor of Mother Eve, we presume, if solicited to do so, would act as agent for the reception of funds for the purpose designated above. In regard to the height of the monument, and its proportions generally, we presume there would be a great diversity of opinion. An able exchange gives the height of Adam as 916 feet. Admitting his statement to be correct, we should judge that Eve must have been at least 45 rods long (742 feet in height), rendering it necessary for her when she desired to kiss her lord, to extend her observations about 203 feet. But that seeming impossibility could be easily accomplished when the length of her feet is taken into consideration, and as Adam was very polite in all his actions, (but didn't care whether he dressed or not), we have a right to suppose that he could, temporarily at least, assume the "Grecian Bend," which would reduce his height at least a hundred feet. In regard to the character of the monument, there would be a diversity of opinions. We would base the respective heights of the two monuments on the extent of the bite that each took respectively of the Fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge of good and evil." Eve having had a *de-lite* with the Serpent, doubt felt somewhat intimidated when she took the first bite, and our opinion is that she did not bite deep, while Adam, supposing that, in her travels and meditations among the delightful scenery of her Garden, she had culled rare fruit, took a bite reaching to the "other side" of the core, hence man has been endowed since that period with more knowledge of good and evil, and, of course, is entitled to the largest monument.

We write this article, not with any intention of exciting a controversy with Mrs. Livermore in regard to the character of the monument which shall be constructed to perpetuate Mother Eve's memory, but to make such suggestions as will enable the woman of the world to act cautiously and wisely in what they propose to do. We shall be happy to cooperate with Mrs. Livermore in promoting the grandest project of her life, and we have no doubt that each reader of the JOURNAL would respond to the call for assistance, at least to the amount of five cents.

Mark Twain is a versatile genius—his oddities adding lustre to all he says and does. Speaking of Adam, he says:

"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in the land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to find a black and bloody relic of the past. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeying through the Holy Land. Noble old man, he did not see me—he did not live to see his child. And I, I—alas, I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is."

Warren Chase gives his views as follows in reference to this magnificent enterprise:

"I most heartily second your proposition to aid our Christian brethren in getting up a penny monument for their father Adam, and their mother Eve and their anky sin bearing D.V.I. in a grand group of statues, proportioned to their respective sizes, and although I do not claim parentage in that stock, and am quite certain I am not a descendant of that God-made and dirty parentage, and if I could have my choice, would prefer to have a monkey parentage instead of a heap of dust or nuck, yet I am ready to pay in the five cents, being one for each of my family, and as that is considered sufficient if from the deodandum alone, this and others like it, can be added for extra embellishments for the serpent. Please keep us posted, and let us know when the work begins and when the money is needed!"

Remarkable Spiritual Demonstration in Aurora.

DRUMS BEAT, GUITAR PLAYED, MEDIUM AND OTHERS CARRIED ABOUT THE ROOM, ETC.

From the Aurora (Ill.) Herald.

"Living in retirement, in a certain portion of this city, is a family who came to Aurora but a few months since, consisting of mother, two sons and three daughters, the youngest a girl of some twelve years of age.

A few weeks since an acquaintance of the family was spending an evening at the house, when the conversation incidentally turned upon spiritualism and it was suggested by the visitor that she and the little girl, whom we shall call Mary, sit at the table and discover if possible, if any manifestations could be obtained. Acting upon this suggestion they took their seats at the table, when in a very brief time raps came in abundance and the table commenced moving.

The physical demonstrations in that household were such that night as to surprise all the inmates; and more especially the family, who were opposers to spiritualism. The fact was revealed that Mary was a remarkable medium whose presence at the table was the signal for a grand gathering of spirits, or whatever it may be, which creates a great racket about the table to the astonishment of all beholders.

Since then many persons have visited the family to behold these demonstrations, which everybody admits are truly wonderful, and which the skeptics are entirely unable to account for.

Complying with the request of a friend, we visited the house a few nights since, to witness for ourselves the manifestations of which we had heard so much.

In company with a number of others who had been attracted by reports, we sat down at a large dining table where in the course of three minutes, the raps came so distinctly as to be heard at a distance of thirty feet. Every person in the company was an investigator anxious to learn the cause of the phenomenon. The hands of the sitters rested lightly on the table as did also those of Mary, and the raps scattered themselves about the table and answered questions; one distinct, and rap being for no, and three for yes. After a time it was suggested by one of the visitors present, who had witnessed the demonstrations before, that a guitar be placed under the table, which was done, where upon the guitar commenced moving about beneath the table, the strings being tuned and struck as by a human hand, while the medium and others sat. What struck those strings as the guitar moved about beneath the table, we have no means of knowing; the attention of the medium being taken up with her singing at the time the guitar was being played. Parties have told us who have seen these demonstrations since, that they have distinctly seen a haze of light above the guitar, and the outline of a human hand as it is being played.

Afterwards the guitar was removed and a strip of cloth was thrown beneath the table, which was immediately removed from the place where it was first thrown and tied into knots.

But the most singular feat performed was that of the medium upon a slate with a minute pencil, so small as to make it impossible for any human hand to write with the same. With this pencil placed upon a slate, and the slate held beneath the table with one hand by the medium, a message was written on the slate several times, in half a minute from the time the slate was offered to the hand which was writing. After some other demonstrations, later in the evening, the audience dispersed, wondering what power could produce these wonderful demonstrations, unless it was from a source outside of any person known to be in the room."

The child medium above referred to (only ten years of age), is now stopping at Dr. Cleveland's in this city. We have been present at one of her seances, where we witnessed the same phenomena as above referred to. Only about three weeks have elapsed since she was first developed as a medium. That she is a prodigy of a medium can not be denied. All who have an anxiety to know of the truth of spirit communion will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity.

A GOOD MEDIUM—WHY REMAIN IN IGNORANCE OF SPIRIT COMMUNION?

It is with pleasure that we again make a note of the fact that Peter West is a very excellent test medium.

There is no reason why people should be ignorant of the fact that spirits can and do communicate with friends of earth. All that is necessary is to make the same effort that they would to accomplish any other object. There is a large class who make use of the very weak argument, that if their friends who have passed from this life still live in a conscious state of existence, they could communicate with them as well without the aid of a medium as with it. As well might one expect to get letters from Europe without the aid of utensils for writing, or means for transportation across the waters; as well might the farmer expect to harvest without having sown and planted; as well might a cotton crop be expected to grow upon the top of the highest mountains, as that spirits can communicate to us without a listening ear and favorable mediumistic conditions.

But the question naturally arises, why is it that so many people who are deeply grieved at the death of loved ones, treat the subject of spirit communion, with such utter contempt? Simply because they are slaves to old theological creeds. They are afraid that some ignorant pretender to theological wisdom, will ridicule them, if they seek for a communication from a deceased person. Their preacher will ejaculate "free lovers!" and all the bigoted devotees will echo, "free lovers!" The poor bereaved mother in slavish fear another grief foreboding the pleasure of sweet communion with the beloved deceased, shudders, but with this reservation in her inmost soul, "O God, why am I such a slave to these people? Oh, that I had strength to declare my freedom!"

God grant that the day may soon dawn upon the world when such slavery shall be only known as a relic of the past. God grant that the prayers from the inmost souls of millions of religious serfs may be answered.

EMMA HARRINGTON'S LECTURES.

Will our old subscribers impress it upon the minds of their friends and neighbors that Emma Harrington's lectures are being reported verbatim, by H. Child, M.D. Photographer, expressly for this paper, and that they will be found in the JOURNAL for many months to come. Now is the time for trial subscribers to get one of the best newspapers in the world, three months, for the cost of the blank paper and the expense of mailing—fifty cents.

We hope all will make an effort to give such encouragement as the enterprise we are engaged in demands for its permanent success. No pains shall be spared on our part to make the paper all that the most hopeful can desire.

P. HATHBURN.

The above named subscriber has been receiving this paper since April 15th, 1869.

We are in receipt of number eleven, volume seven, bearing date December 11th, 1869, returned with an endorsement on the wrapper, "Not taken from the office."

The law requires post masters to write and give all necessary information for the benefit of publishers, in cases where the papers are not taken from the post office. Where a post master fails to do so, but in lieu thereof, sends back a paper without endorsing the post office from which he sends it, leaves us in as profound ignorance of the residence of the subscriber as we can well be. The simple name of a subscriber does not enable us to look and determine his post office address without a labor of, perhaps, a whole day. Will post masters take notice and in such cases, give such information as the law requires? Every one is furnished by Government with printed blanks and envelopes for that purpose.

But the worst feature of this case does not appear to rest with the post master alone. This subscriber is indebted to us in the sum of two dollars. Has he consigned an orthodox post master to aid him in cheating us out of so much money? A report upon the subject from both him and the post master, will be gladly received; but this we hardly expect. We regret to know that anyone who has had the reading of the JOURNAL so long, should still be so base as to desire to do so mean a thing as to cheat the printer. We hope there is some mistake about it. Will some one who knows P. Rathburn's post office address advise us? We know that there are other subscribers at the same post office, as the returned paper bore the marks of going in a package with other papers from this office.

This is a new case, hence we have taken up so much space in making an example of it, that the like may not be repeated. The world should learn that "Honesty is the best policy." All answers to this inquiry will be kept strictly confidential, if desired.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Sunday Evening, Dec. 5th, the Chicago Progressive Lyceum gave an exhibition at Crosby's Music Hall, and a grand affair it was, the exercises receiving the applause of all present.

The following constituted the order of exercises:

PART FIRST.—1. Chorus, "Sing altogether."—Lyceum. 2. Recitation, "The Child's Dream,"—Marietta Stewart. 3. Song, "Bloom upon the Cherry,"—Mollie Mariani. 4. Utensil Maxims—Group of Children. 5. Gymnastics, "Ring Exercises,"—Annie and Mollie Grace. 6. Recitation, "Flag of America,"—Eliza Niles. 7. Song, "Recollections of Childhood,"—Nellie Bushnell. 8. Gymnastics, Class. 9. Duett, "See how the Pale Moon Shinet,"—Jone and Lillah Williams.

PART SECOND.—1. Solo and Chorus, "Gathering Home,"—Williams Family. 2. Recitation, "Pharisee John,"—Louie Fuller. 3. Song, "The Refugee,"—Phebe Dinmore. 4. Dumb Bell Exercises, Class. 5. Song, "Autumn Leaves,"—Lizzie Avery. 6. Recitation, "Barbary Fritchee,"—Ida Haines. 7. Song, "The Old Sexton,"—S. P. Green. 8. Duett, Gussie and Lillie Kopp. 9. Tableau, "Shakespeare's Seven Ages." While all those who participated in the exercises acquitted themselves nobly, we were more than pleased with little Louie Fuller's Recitation,—"Pharisee John."

The exercises reflected great credit on the efforts of the Lyceum.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

See in another column the above entitled advertisement of a most valuable pamphlet, which philosophically treats of the wonderful manifestations of spirits.

Miss Mirtle Ream is said to be engaged to a Roman nobleman.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Addie Billou lectured in Cleveland on Sunday last. Her delineations of character and notes of spirit presence are truly remarkable.

E. S. Wheeler spoke in Charleston, Miss., Nov. 15th.

Prof. Wm. Denton lately lectured in Boston to a large audience on "The Antiquity of Man and his early Condition."

Dean Clark, an able exponent of the Harmonical Philosophy, is engaged in general Missionary Work for the New York State Spiritualist Association. His address is Batavia, N. Y.

Miss Lizzie Doten is in the field again. Will not some of our Western societies engage her services?

J. B. Ferguson, one of the finest speakers in the ranks of Spiritualism, has been spending a few weeks in Tennessee.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott is regarded as one of the best developing mediums in the West. Her success is truly remarkable. Under her manipulations, the spirits are enabled to use the arm of any person to write names, etc., the first sitting.

Mrs. Emma Hirdling lectured at Music Hall, Boston, Dec. 13th.

A little girl in Ogdensburg, N. Y., saw her grandfather standing by her bedside, just as he died a violent death on a distant lake.

Thomas Gales Forster is lecturing in Philadelphia.

E. S. Wheeler will lecture in New England during December and January.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is at Houston, Texas. She can be addressed there in the care of P. Bremond, Esq.

Mrs. Jennette J. Clark is lecturing as Missionary in New England.

Dr. Persons, the healer, is in Texas.

Dr. M. M. Tousey, of 908 Galea street, Milwaukee, Wis., will answer calls to lecture within reasonable distances of that city.

Dr. J. Starbird, of Milan, Ohio, has entered the lecturing field.

The dedication of the New Hall at Richmond, Ind., will take place December 30th. The society there is in a flourishing condition.

O. A. Skinner, of Valparaiso, Ind., trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture.

Philadelphia Department.

BY..... H. T. CHILD, M. D.
Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Improvement.

BY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

As roses glaze in time to mold,
Be outward forms that men behold,
Expire and end in beauty's flight,
And vanish from their outward sight.
As roses that in spring time bloom,
Unfolding deathless o'er the tomb,
The hearts we love unfold more bright,
More beautiful in the heavenly light.
There is no death; 'tis but a shade,
No end of outward loss afraid.
There is no death; it is a birth—
A rising heavenward from earth.
The calmest life that mortals know,
Is here as temperate when they blow
O'er stormy seas, compared with ours,
Who dream 'till heaven's immortal powers.
The wildest was that mortals had
Is like a shadow, 'tis confined
Within a little ring of time—
Our joyous life in life divine.
Shaping that life's unbounded span,
Stretching it thence, O man,
Think of thy future as a sphere,
Where roses blossom all the year.

Poem by Lizzie Dotson.

The fair spring flowers drop and die,
Before the summer sun's bright glare,
And sleep lowly from the sky
Above the evening's gathering gloom.
Thus hope, so beautiful at birth,
Will wither in the human heart,
For true happiness is not of earth,
And nearest friends are called to part.
Not stars that set, nor aye again,
And flowers that bud and bloom once more;
And weary hours of woe and pain
In heaven's sweet peace will soon be o'er.
Within the bowers of bliss above
Your friendship like a flower shall bloom,
For sacred truth and love
Outlive destruction and the tomb.

Communications from T. L. Harris.

During the last twenty years, we have been gathering gems of spirits and mortals, and from our journal, we shall at times transfer some of these. Riding in Laurel Hill Cemetery with our Brother Thomas L. Harris, in May 1854, we passed the grave where General Mercer was interred. On seeing the implements of war chiseled upon his monument, we remarked that they did not seem like fit emblems for such a place.

Brother Harris was entranced and said:
"I shook away the body's dust,
And rose sublimely to the sun,
My broken sword has turned to rust,
Through heaven's my upward course I run.
I wave my banner 'mid the stars,
Borne upward through the heavens I rise.
Within those consecrated shades,
My upward form is turned to light,
And faces that crossed their hostile blades
On earth, are friends in yonder fold."

On expressing our feeling that it was wonderful that spirits should be found everywhere ready and willing to communicate whenever they found suitable conditions, Brother Harris continued: "We're the spiritual scenes which transpire in all earth's so many places, communicated to the dwellers of earth, men would, could they believe, be overwhelmed with astonishment. Millions of ministering spirits walk the earth, and in the airy chambers of the sea, in the strait bays, and in the air are temples richly wrought with glorious images. No earthly art such images can fashion. These they dwell, and thence, numerous as the leaves and numerous more than all earth's multitudes, they journey through all pathways. While men they journey through, they write their thoughts on every human mind. While man resides in the dull house of his mortality, they are his constant visitants; and when the clay-built fabric crumbles to decay, man need not leave the earth to find a home; earth is a spirit-land, and angels dwell o'er its border continents and shining seas."

When of the summer time, what do ye tell?
Songs of the fairy kind, where angels dwell,
Leaves of the summer time, what do ye say?
Language from heaven's own choir, where angels stay."
On another occasion, Brother Harris said:
"True religion cometh not to enslave the mind, but to emancipate it; her garments are woven charity; her crown is light; her priests and ministers are open hearts and open hands—intellects, that, free in themselves, endeavor to free all nature, purify men and women everywhere. Art thou seeking to become a member of a church? Behold the temple of the expanded universe. Art thou seeking superior priestly rank? Behold the path of the superior priestly rank in blessing as the violet drinks the summer dew? Seek thou, for they are ever near thee—those guardian angels who ever minister in that temple, whose office is to guide the struggling spirit in its aspirations after immortal virtue."

On another occasion, Brother Harris spoke as follows:
"That there are societies of spirits corresponding to each and every organ of the human cerebral system, is a truth. That heaven itself with all its multitudinous spheres, corresponds to man himself, and to his various organs, is a proposition which legitimately unfolds from the former, but it is also a truth, during the successive stages of man's development, and is powerfully brought upon by circles of intellectual beings, corresponding to all the organs of the human system. Hence whole societies of spirits combine to operate, at suitable intervals, upon man, not alone guardian angels, but also, according to harmonic law. Man has, therefore, guardian societies. When in the councils of the divine mind a harmonic idea is conceived, that idea proceeding from the depths of infinitude, and expanding as it descends, becomes a volume of melody, which, vibrating upon the interior of countless societies of angels, flows forth through their organs into appropriate utterance, and the same idea may be expressed in myriads of apparently varied forms of manifestations. That divine idea which clothes itself in the mind of the poet in harmonic tones and numbers, flashes before the inner vision of the artist, and imprints upon the mind's eye a vision of divine light and exquisitely graceful groupings expressive of the interior ideal. I see a vision which will serve as an illustration of this truth. I see standing, apparently wrapped in intense thought, a youth attired in a garment of color like vivid emerald. I see a ray of light, or rather a shaft of luminous, unnumbered mind-essence, for there is a mind-essence proceeding

from the Infinite. At the time when this youth is thus impressed, I perceive that he is in harmonic sympathy with a circle of angels who inhabit that peculiar condition or empire of the spiritual universe, wherein art gloriously reveals itself, and this youth, as I gaze upon him, beholds the objective form of that divine idea projected before the mental vision. His whole being is permeated at once by the harmonic idea descending from above, and by an influence harmonizing therewith, proceeding toward him from that heaven of which with which he was in sympathy, and while the divine idea is a source of inspiration, the harmonic influences of that artistic sphere attune his organization to reproduce it in form and color.
Again, I see a young maiden clothed in a robe of peculiar whiteness, sitting in a chair of ivory, polished gems inlaid in the marble beneath her feet. She listens—she hears music, and that same immortal shaft of mental influence beginning in the inaccessible depths of the divine Infinite, falls upon her, and her whole nature vibrates in song. The air seems to tell its melody, as if its very atoms vibrated. With inconceivable rapidity she writes, and the same idea, which to the artist was a vision, utters itself through her most exquisite organization in lyrical strains, sweet as the south wind when it sings itself to slumber, amid the blossom of roses, for she, when this heavenly ray descends upon her, is in sympathy with one of those heavens where, divine inspirations reveal themselves in song.

ECLIPSE.

Man is not alone affected thereby.

As a proof that man is not alone affected by an eclipse, we insert the following eloquent description by that great American writer, Fenimore Cooper:

I was recalled by a familiar and insignificant incident, the dull tramp of boots on the village bridge. A few cows, believing that night had overtaken them, were coming homeward from the wild open pastures about the village. And no wonder the kindly creatures were deceived; the darkness was now much deeper than the twilight which usually turns their faces homeward; the dew was falling perceptibly (as much so as at any hour of the previous night), and the coolness was so great that the thermometer must have fallen many degrees from the great heat of the morning. The lake, the hills, and the buildings of the little town were swallowed up in the darkness. The absence of the usual lights in the dwellings rendered the obscurity still more impressive. All labor had ceased, and the hushed voices of the people only broke the absolute stillness by subdued whispering tones. "Whisk! The whippoorwill!" whispered I, almost inaudibly, and at the same moment, as I listened in profound silence, I distinctly heard from the eastern bank of the river the wild, plaintive note of that solitary bird of night slowly repeated at intervals. The song of the summer birds, so full in June, had entirely ceased for the last half hour. A bat came flitting out from the eaves. Many were now visible, though not in sufficient number to lessen the darkness. At one point only, in the far distant Northern horizon, something of the brightness of dawn appeared to linger.

At twelve minutes past eleven the moon stood revealed in its greatest distinctness—a vast bright orb, and at the same moment, as I looked at the face of the great luminary was entirely and absolutely darkened, though a corona of light appeared beyond. The gloom of night was upon us. A breathless intensity of interest was felt by all.

In looking back to that impressive hour, such now seems to me the feelings of the youth making one of that family group, all apparently impressed with a sensation of the deepest awe. I speak with certainty. A clearer view than I had ever yet had of the majesty of the Almighty, accompanied with humbling, and I trust, a provable sense of my own insignificance. That my mind, as I looked at the moon, that sublime voyage of the world, often recurs to my imagination, and, even at this distant day, as distinctly, as mystically, and nearly as fearfully, as it was then beheld. A group of silent, dusky forested near me. One emotion appeared to pervade all. My father, and I could not discern his features. Three minutes of darkness, all but absolute, elapsed. They appeared strangely lengthened by the intensity of feeling and the flood of overpowering thought which filled the mind. Thus far the sensation created by this majestic spectacle, beyond one of humiliation and awe. It seemed as if the great Father of the Universe had visibly and almost palpably veiled His face in wrath. But appalling as the withdrawal of the light had been, most glorious, most sublime, was its restoration. The corona of light above the moon became suddenly brighter, the heavens beyond were illuminated, the stars retired, and light began to play along the ridges of the distant mountains. And then a flood of grateful cheering, consoling brightness fell into the valley with a sweetness and a power inconceivable to the mind unless the eye has actually beheld it. It can then this sudden, joyous return of light, can then this hope, to nothing of the kind that is familiarly known. It was certainly nearest to the change produced by the swift passage of the shadow of a very dark cloud; but it was the effect of this instantaneous transition, multiplied more than a thousand fold. It seemed to speak directly to our spirits, with full assurance of protection, gracious mercy, and of that divine love which has produced all the glorious combinations of matter for our enjoyment. It was not in the least like the gradual dawning of day, or the actual rising of the sun. There was no gradation in the change. It was sudden, abrupt, and like what the imagination would teach us to expect of the advent of a heavenly vision. I know that philosophically I am wrong; but to me it seemed that the rays might actually be seen flowing through the darkness in torrents, till they had again illuminated the forest, the mountains, the valley, and the lake with their glorious, genial touch.

There was another grand movement as the crescent of the sun reappeared, and the moon was actually seen steering her course through the void. Venus was still shining brilliantly. Men who witness any extraordinary spectacle, whether of art, or of nature, are, as a pleasure in conversing on its impressions. But I do not remember to have ever heard a single being freely communicative on his individual feelings at the most solemn moment of the eclipse. It would seem as if the conditions aroused too closely connected with the constitution of the spirit to be irreverently and familiarly discussed. I shall only say that I have passed a varied and eventful life, and it has been my fortune to see earth, heavens, ocean, and man in most of their aspects; but never have I beheld any spectacle which so powerfully manifested the majesty of the Creator or so forcibly taught the lesson of humility to man as a total eclipse of the sun.

In the Alabama House of Representatives, a colored man was elected Engraving Clerk. The Democrats voted for him against a white man.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on every thing.

"Death and the After Life."
The above entitled work, published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, consists of eight lectures by that remarkable seer and medium, Andrew Jackson Davis; also "A Voice from James Victor Wilson."

No one can peruse this volume of lectures without feeling that he has been amply repaid for his trouble. The various subjects on which he lectured, are as follows:

Death and the After Life; Scenes in the Summer Land; Society in the Summer Land; Social Centers in the Summer Land; Winter Land and Summer Land; Language and Life in the Summer Land; Utinates in the Summer Land, and Voice from James Victor Wilson.

For sale at this office. Price 75 cents.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of fifty cents.

NOTE.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

Good mediums always in attendance.

Obituary.

Transplanted to the beautiful garden of the Summer Land, on the evening of November 28, 1899, the spirit of Lena Francis Traxell, daughter of F. and Maria Traxell, aged thirty years and nine months.

Little Frankie was one of the brightest and most promising flowers in the Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, possessed intelligence far beyond her years; her sparkling eyes and sweet disposition interested and won the affection of all with whom she became acquainted.

Her illness, which lasted only thirty hours, was scarier than the most agonizing type. This delicate departure to the Summer Land has brought a deep shadow of sadness over the family circle, and especially over the hearts of the parents; but they mourn not as those without hope, knowing that ere long they shall meet their darling on the bright shore of the happy Spirit Land.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRICE OF BOOKS.

Three waiting books, will fill out one of the books in the "Book List" published every week. These waiting books to be sent by mail must be careful and remit the extra amount required for postage.

We supply any book in the market, having arrangements, with publishers and book sellers throughout the country. Those who desire other books than those found in our "Book List" will send in addition to the regular price of the books desired, one sixth more to cover postage.

ON THE 15TH OF THIS MONTH WILL BE

PUBLISHED

EMMA HARDING'S "GREAT WORK"

"HISTORY OF MODERN"

AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM."

A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD

OF THE

COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH AND THE

World of Spirits.

One volume large octavo, six hundred pages, superbly illustrated with steel engravings, portraits of distinguished spiritualists, spirit photographs, etc., etc.

The work is undertaken, written, and published by the author under the direct influence and supervision of the Spirit, who has inaugurated the movement.

The edition of this material for this work has cost the author years of research and trouble.

The first cost will be considerably less than the sale price.

The work will be furnished by this mail on receipt of \$1.00 in advance, and the balance on receipt of the book.

Published by the Author, from whom it can be obtained at her room 215 East 9th St., New York, or from the Office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—at wholesale or retail. Price \$2.75.

SOUL-READING,

OR

Psychometric Delinations.

A. B. SEVERANCE.

THE WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOMETRIST, Will give to those who visit him in person, or from photograph, or look of hair reading of character; marked character; past and future; advice in regard to business, domestic, and social life; and in regard to the diagnosis of disease, with prescription; adaptation of these readings to the individual; directions for the management of children; advice to the laborer, married, etc.

Terms—\$1.00 for Full Delinations; Brief Delinations \$1.00.

215 Florida St., Milwaukee, Ws.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Medford, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.

HELMAN SNOW, 210 KENNEY BLVD SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Special Positive and Negative Powder-Planchettes, always on hand.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

WARREN CHASE & CO., 827 North Fifth

street, St. Louis, Mo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fresh Garden, Flower, Fruit, Herb, Tree, Shrub and Evergreen Seeds with directions for culture, prepaid by mail. The most complete and judicious assortment in the country. Agents wanted.

25 sorts of other for \$1.00—prepaid by mail. Also Small Fruits, Plants, Bulbs, all the new Potatoes, etc., sent prepaid by mail. The Early King Potatoes, prepaid, for \$1.00. Colorado's Colonial Apples, \$2 per 100; \$3 per 100; prepaid. New hardy fragrant everblooming Japan Honey suckle, Scotch scab, prepaid. True Cape Cod Cranberry, for seed or lowland culture, \$1.00 per 100; prepaid; also trade list. Seeds on Commission.

R. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established in 1841.

No. 15, Vol. 7-7.

DOCTOR IRA S. KING'S HEALTH

INSTITUTE.

Seeing the growing necessity of an Institute of this kind in the West, the doctor has taken the commodious residence 12, South Mississippi street, where patients may secure treatment and comfort of home at reasonable terms. The doctor possesses great healing powers in a good clairvoyant—has eighteen years' experience as a Physician.

Special attention given to Chronic Diseases: Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Long Bile, Croup, whooping cough; diseases of Eye and Ear, etc. For Clairvoyant examinations, enclose a card of full name, age, and \$1.00.

P. S. The doctor is licensed by the First Circle of Spiritualists of this city to deliver lectures. Marriage, and contains many other words and book that usually sells for \$2.00. Published by K. P. Kinney, Burlington, Iowa. Price in paper cover, 50 cents, bound, 75 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address S. S. Jones, No. 159 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT

Heals the Sick at NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, by

Laying on of Hands.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

\$3,000 A YEAR BY THE NEW ART. A FEW AGENTS

Wanted—Confidential Christian sent on receipt

of stamps.

Address, H. H. LEE, Fair Haven, Conn.

Vol. 7, No. 15-17.

TO BEE-KEEPERS.

A NEW BOOK on the subject of Bee-Culture, called the SCORERS OF BEE-KEEPING. It is got up in a very condensed and cheap form, to meet the wants of Bee-keepers in every department of apicultural science. It contains more practical information, and contains more subjects than any other book of its kind yet published, and is embellished with numerous cuts and engravings, and contains more or many words and book that usually sells for \$2.00. Published by K. P. Kinney, Burlington, Iowa. Price in paper cover, 50 cents, bound, 75 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address

U. S. PATENT OFFICE. This is the most valuable work ever published on the subject of the human mind. It is a complete and exhaustive treatise on the subject of the human mind, and is the only work of the kind ever published. It is the only work of the kind ever published. It is the only work of the kind ever published.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS

With Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agrand Bridge. Molecules and Cabinet Organs. The best manufactured. Warranted for Six Years.

The Waters' Piano is known as the best in the world. It is the only piano that is made in America. It is the only piano that is made in America. It is the only piano that is made in America.

The Waters' Piano is known as the best in the world. It is the only piano that is made in America. It is the only piano that is made in America. It is the only piano that is made in America.

DR. WM. CLARK'S MAGNETIC REMEDIES.

COMPOUNDED AND PREPARED BY Jeannie Waterman Danforth, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician.

Tonic and Strengthening Powders: Catarrh and Dyspepsia Remedy; Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills.

Vegetable Syrup: Female Strengthening Syrup; Nervine Syrup.

Children's Cordial, for Cough, Croup, and Worm Syrup.

By permission, the following parties are referred to: Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 3, 1899.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

Dr. Clark's medicine, which is the only medicine of the kind ever published, is the only medicine of the kind ever published. It is the only medicine of the kind ever published.

PLANCHETTE—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE

This is the most valuable work ever published on the subject of the human mind. It is a complete and exhaustive treatise on the subject of the human mind, and is the only work of the kind ever published. It is the only work of the kind ever published.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE—A NEW AND PLEASANT CURE FOR THE HABIT OF USING TOBACCO

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE NUCLEON—TRANSFUSED INTO

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

LIST OF BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE GREAT REBELLION

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER: AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

MEMORANDA OF PERSONS, PLACES AND EVENTS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THREE VOICES, A LIVE BOOK OF POEMS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO BATH: A FAMILY GUIDE FOR THE USE OF WATER IN PRESERVING HEALTH AND TREATING DISEASE

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

NERVINE TABLETS—A NEW REMEDY FOR ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Underland. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck. The Future of the Race, by J. M. Peck.

NEW CHEAP BOOK! THE STARLING PROPHETIC PAPERS. COMPACT. Bound in Attractively Illuminated Covers. Making a Pretty and Readable Book, on a Variety of Subjects, Progressive and Liberal in their Tendency. Treated in a Style Entertaining and Easy. The Book should be in the hands of every one.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PLANCHETTE: OR, THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE LATTER DAYS OF ISRAEL

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN: OR, A HISTORICAL EXPOSITION OF THE DEVI AND HIS FIERY DOMINIONS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER LAND

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

RABULA: OR, THE DIVINE QUEST

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE AS DISCLOSED IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER: AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

MEMORANDA OF PERSONS, PLACES AND EVENTS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

THREE VOICES, A LIVE BOOK OF POEMS

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO BATH: A FAMILY GUIDE FOR THE USE OF WATER IN PRESERVING HEALTH AND TREATING DISEASE

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PROSPERITY OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS AND SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will provide the equal rights of Men and Women. It will provide the equal rights of Men and Women. It will provide the equal rights of Men and Women.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

REMARKS.—There are those with whom does not work. Like plaquette, it only works when mediastinal conditions are favorable.

An English journal of a recent date considers that there were only two persons in the United States who had not communicated their views on the Byron question to the newspapers, and they are citizens of Cape Cod who had gone mack-reel fishing ten weeks before, and had not yet returned.

we listened trembling and doubtful, yet, so far, our hopes are more than realized, and of those who scoffed, many come trooping in, ready to join in the great work of redemption and sing with us the songs of gladness, until the refrain be caught up by waiting thousands; and thus let us go on our way, working and rejoicing together.

is caught up by waiting thousands; and thus let us go on our way, working and rejoicing together.

NEBRASKA.
Letter from D. Hellig.

In this region of the far west there are some families and individuals whose noble minds are capable of receiving the light from the interior regions, (Summer Land). They can read the Word of God (nature), and appreciate the truth. These Christians have been from different regions of the Union, and of recent days have come to the West, and are settling on the homesteads. A little town numbering a half dozen houses and a saw-mill, is in our midst. One Orthodox Jew has found his way here, and is busied engaged in piling up stones and other materials. He is told that he will have a three-headed God, or rather nine three gods—the same that were banded down by tradition "from the primitive fathers" to Zoroaster, and afterwards bound into one bundle by Jewish Nations, and still later, modified by the Trinity of ignorance, folly and superstition. He will be a craftsman, by moving Siva (the former son of Brama, the father), and substituting a Jewish illustrious Reformer (Jesus). Having raised him up to the same plane with Brama, the primitive clothed fathers and disciples' made him equal to him (the Father). They have been supplied him "the only begotten of the Father from eternity!" and bound the three, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, together in one bundle, making truly the Holy Trinity! Mystery of all mysteries! This mysterious Trinity (imaginary God), the temple of the gods, is to be dedicated by Old Orthodox. The great bull dog

(devil), who dropped from the brains of Zvonstare, has accompanied Orthodoxy, and he is to show his teeth whenever the devotees do not fall down and adore him (Orthodoxy), as well as the mysterious Tsar (the "Tsar of the Tsars") that not many days ago an appointment was made for me to hold forth in the neighborhood of Orthodoxy, upon which he became extremely nervous and bid defiance, so that we found it difficult to get an entrance in the public school-house, but thanks to the kindness of the priest's family opened the doors wide, bid us enter. There on the 16th, Sunday afternoon and evening, we proclaimed the glad tidings of great joy (new dispensation)—"open intercourse of those who are at variance between the inhabitants of the inferior and superior spheres of existence." The anxious listeners, "Curiosity brought," some devotees of Orthodoxy, who were a light with some of the unfoldings. For purpose of presenting the wonders of a new and far more exalted the "Prera" a philosophical (metaphysical) basis. This is drawing the minds of the audience to the imaginary God, worshipped by Orthodox votes, and placing them upon the creative Mind, the grand Principle of Light (Illumination), revealing the "Inimitable space manifesting Love, Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, and Harmony, and crowning these attributes with beauty through the elements out of which the innumerable worlds (solar systems), are composed. Being a musician myself, my melody

and Mrs. Vinay, consort of Mr. Herbert Vinay, with superior musical talent, and with purity of vocal melody far above the ordinary, accompanied the instrument by singing some of those beautiful solos found in the Spiritual Harp. All the lovers of Truth and Harmony enjoyed a feast of happiness. A few of Orthodoxy's devotees, however, writhed in agony when they beheld their three-headed God fall from his throne, and his head severed from his body in the fall, and Dagon-like, prostrated with heads and hands scattered over the floor.

Blue Springs, Neb.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

Missionary Labors in Indiana.

since from Buna Vista, relative to my labors in this state. I gave three more lectures in that place, after the date of my last letter, to a large

and deeply interested audience, and Brother Butler, of the same place, one of the standard bearers of the cause, made me feel that my lectures, that I made several converts, and I judge more will follow soon, from the interest manifested, as a considerable portion of the audience came through mud and snow, and some of them on foot. I will leave no stone unturned, and I trust that the same interest was manifested, if possible, at Middlefork, in Clinton county, toward which point I proceeded after closing my labors at Bona Vista. I was disappointed, however, in finding there being but one male Spiritualist in the place, and his Spiritualism was only two or three months old. He answers to the name of Alfred Boggs, and is a Spiritualist of the right stamp, one that I can rely on. He is a native of this State, and Mrs. Campbell is also now fully enlisted in the cause, and will make her mark in the circle in which she moves. In a word, they are both ripe for the right timber. I had to work on the *razzle* during this time, and I am glad to have had a lecture given on the subject here before I went. I was told that three-fourths of my audience were members of orthodox churches. But my

But, indeed, I am surprised, to open the eyes of many, who are so ready to believe that churches are not on the true road leading to the temple of truth. The town is small and yet our meetings were large, some coming many miles to attend, though the roads were strewed with mud and snow. On my way back to Hamilton, I was met by a man, who gave a lecture in the Court House, at Tipton; the majority seat of Tipton county, where the soil has been but little stirred, but one or two speakers had preceded me in presenting our cause. The result of my tour, and a careful survey of the field, convinced me that the great mass of the people were ready to receive the great and grand truths of the new philosophy in Indiana. If those who have already embraced the cause would adopt an efficient system of labor and work at it with a will. But alas, the few pioneers in the state are few and far between. The few *seceders* are few and far between. The few *seceders* are few and far between, which has the effect to chill their feelings, and slacken their energies, and hence do not feel that interest in the cause commensurate with its importance. I found, however, one apparent exception to the above, a man who says he is willing to try any human device, or any system to support lecturers, although his means are not very ample. Who will "go and do likewise" I have not found so great faith, no, not in Indiana.

A few best living men would enable us to do for the whole state of Indiana in a few years, shall it be done, brethren and sisters? What say you? Will you respond?

K. GRAY

Richmond, Ind.

On and after January 1, 1870, the exchange mails between the United States and France cease in consequence of the abrogation of the present postal convention between the two countries.

Vincent Collier says the islands of St. Paul and St. George alone are worth the price paid for Alaska.

